PENTHOUSE COMIX

MAY/JUNE 1996

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PENTHOUSE Comix

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Design & Graphics: GLENN WESTROM Office Manager: TIM BLYTHE
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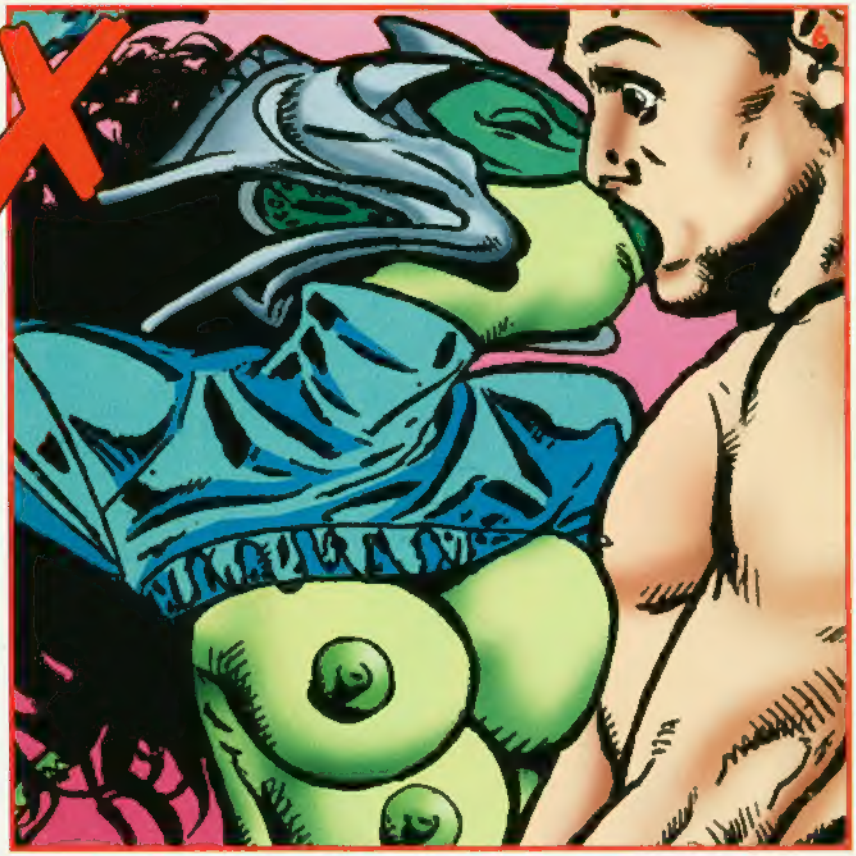
May/June 1996

COVER ART BY GARRY LEACH



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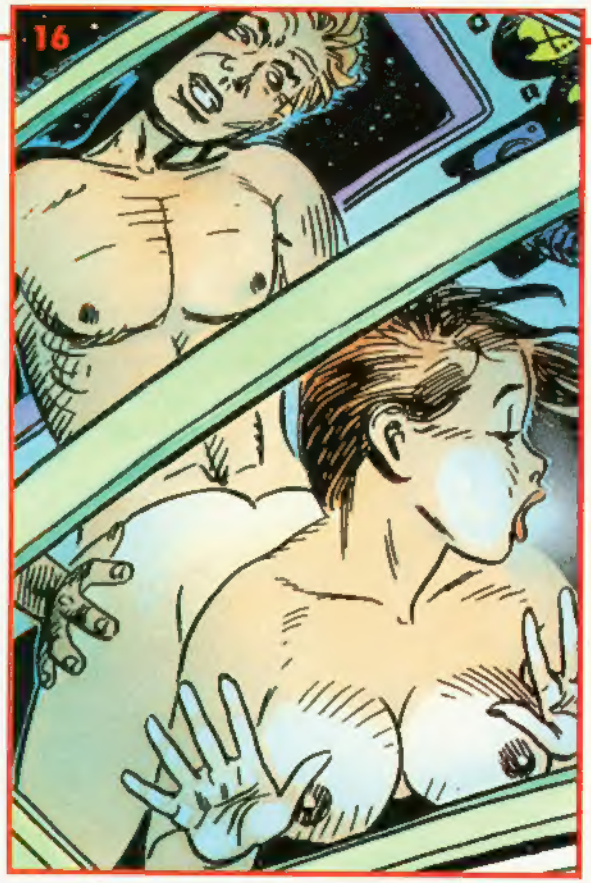

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We scramble to higher ground!

HOUSE CALL

TRISKAIDEKAPHOBIA

Lucky number 13. Or, as we like to call it, MAY/JUNE 1996 issue. Not that we are superstitious at all. No, in fact, we think it is going to be very lucky for us all.

Why?

Well, we like to think of it as the dawn of a new age, a new era of greatness, for a start. We dream of elevating the role of comic art higher and higher in the public's awareness. To push forward the boundaries of modern erotic writing and an almost overwhelmingly strong desire to see drawings of young women being fucked in places we can only dream of (and boy do we dream a lot!)

As Julie Andrews once said, "Huh, ugh! OOOhhh, YESS!!! Fuck me harder, big boy! Take me from behind! OOOOOOOOOhhhhhhh, YES! YES!! YES!!!" Or was it someone else? We forget.

Well, what we mean is...

We have been spending a lot of time and effort to improve this magazine. So much so, we are moving from its current 6-times-a-year slot to 10 times a year.

Yep, every five weeks you'll find us there, pullin' at yer pecker to pick us up, buy us a meal, ply us with some cheap wine, and take us home to have your wicked way with us. (Hey! We won't even ask ya' to wear a rubber!)

Also, next month, be on the lookout! We will have two, yes TWO, books out. PENTHOUSE COMIX #14 will be there at the end of June, but at the beginning of June we will be releasing--wait for it... HERICANE SPECIAL #1. Yes, the Girl Who Just Wants to Have Fun gets her own, ALL-NEW special. Guest starring the TEAM SUPREME and MISS ADVENTURE!

13 unlucky? Only if that's your age.

See you soon,

—The PHCX pussy posse.

ABOUT PENTHOUSE COMIX

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young CAPTAIN ADVENTURE

starring in

"MARS NEEDS MEN!!!"

STORY BY
Ian EDGINGTON

ART BY
Steve PUGH

TECHNICOLOR BY
Digital CHAMELEON

LETTERS BY
Chris ELIOPOULOS

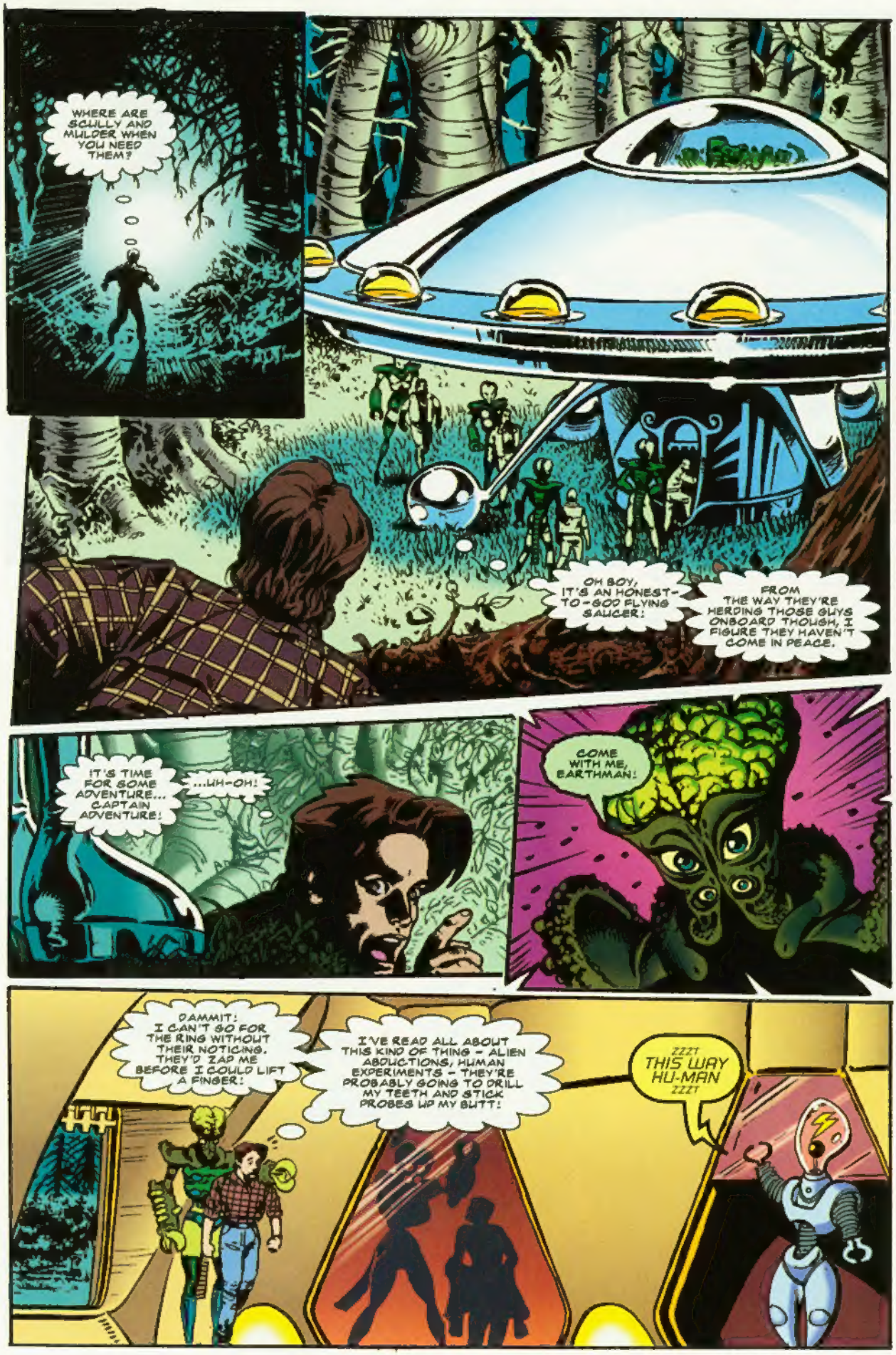
19 LEFT AT THE ALTAR
62 BLIND DATE
MAN MAGNE

BANGOR, MAINE...
THE BURNIN' RING O'POWER, THE ANCIENT AZTEC RELIC THAT'S TURNED THREE GENERATIONS OF PIKE MEN INTO THE LEGENDARY CAPTAIN ADVENTURE.
IT'S BEEN A BLAST FOLLOWING IN DAD AND GRANDPA'S FOOTSTEPS, BUT THE BEST PART IS I'VE NEVER GOTTEN LAID SO MUCH IN MY LIFE!
THIS THING'S A BABE MAGNET: NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, BUT I'D LIKE TO KEEP MY MASKED MUSCLE OF MANHOOD INSIDE MY PANTS OCCASIONALLY...

SO TONIGHT, PLAIN OLD JOEY PIKE'S ENJOYING THE GREAT OUTDOORS. NO NEED FOR CAP HERE.

HOLY SHIT! IT'S... IT'S...A GIANT HUBCAP!

IT'S LANDING! AWESOME!


WHERE ARE SCULLY AND MULDER WHEN YOU NEED THEM?
OH BOY, IT'S AN HONEST-TO-GOD FLYING SAUCER!
FROM THE WAY THEY'RE HERDING THOSE GUYS ONBOARD THOUGH, I FIGURE THEY HAVEN'T COME IN PEACE.
IT'S TIME FOR SOME ADVENTURE... CAPTAIN ADVENTURE!
...UH-OH!
COME WITH ME, EARTHMAN!
DAMMIT! I CAN'T GO FOR THE RING WITHOUT THEIR NOTICING. THEY'D ZAP ME BEFORE I COULD LIFT A FINGER!
I'VE READ ALL ABOUT THIS KIND OF THING - ALIEN ABDUCTIONS, HUMAN EXPERIMENTS - THEY'RE PROBABLY GOING TO DRILL MY TEETH AND STICK PROBES UP MY BUTT!
ZZZT THIS WAY HU-MAN ZZZT

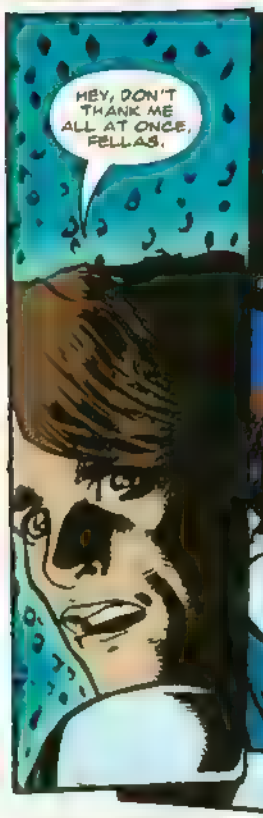
REMOVE YOUR GARMENTS...ALL OF THEM.
I SURE DON'T REMEMBER THIS PART IN E.T.
I'LL HAVE TO WING IT UNTIL I CAN GRAB THE RING.
MAYBE I CAN DISTRACT IT SOMEHOW.
YOU ARE A FINE SPECIMEN. DO YOU TASTE AS GOOD AS YOU LOOK?
NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT.
UUHHH
MMMMM
WELL, I GUESS SOME THINGS TRULY ARE UNIVERSAL.

LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO NEED AN EXTRA PAIR OF HANDS HERE.
OOHHHHHH!
MMMM... VANILLA!
PLEASURE ME HARD! PLEASURE ME DEEPLY, EARTHMAN.
THAT IS GOOD...SO GOOD: I...I WANT... I WANT TO MAKE BUBBLES!
SHE WHAT?
I SUPPOSE YOU'D CALL THIS A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE FOURTH KIND...
...SCREWING THE ASS OFF A HOT ALIEN BABE.

SHE IS TOO! GET YOUR BRAIN IN GEAR, JOEY. YOU'RE IN A UFO HUMPING AN ALIEN!
POWER DOWN THAT GEAR STICK AND GET OUTTA THERE!
THE RING! IF I CAN JUST GRAB IT WHILE SHE'S BUSY DOING... WHATEVER.
OH! OH! OH! YES! YES! YES!
YES!
OKAY, SWEET LUMPS, YOU MAY HAVE THE BEST BREASTS THIS SIDE OF PAMELA ANDERSON, BUT CAPTAIN ADVENTURE IS NO ALIEN NYMPHO'S LUST PUPPET!
I'M A FREE MAN OF EARTH, FIRM AND PROUD! YOU WON'T CONQUER US WITH YOUR SOFT, EAGER MOUTHS AND WET, WILLING THIGHS... WELL MAYBE!
OH, SCREW THIS...!

I WANT TO FIGHT SOME-THING!
SZZZKK!
SQUEE!
C'MON PAL! I'M HERE TO SAVE YOUR BUTT!
BUT I DON'T WANT SAVIN'!
CRUNCH
GIRLS! GIRLS!
COME BACK SOON!!
POOR GUYS, THEY MUST'VE MESSED WITH YOUR MINDS. IT'S OKAY, YOU'RE SAFE NOW.
?

HA. HA! HA! THAT'S IT! RUN AND TELL YOUR BUBBLE-HEADED MASTERS THAT EARTHMEN ARE NO PUSHOVERS.
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN PERT NIPPLES AND A FIRM BUTT TO DEFEAT US! RIGHT, GUYS?
PUTZ
JERK.
DICKWEED.
ASSHOLE


HEY, DON'T THANK ME ALL AT ONCE, FELLAS.

LISTEN, YOU SPANDEX SCHMUCK. THEY WAS NO INVASION FORCE, JUST BORED, HORNY HOUSEWIVES HOT FOR THE HIGH HARD ONE.
SEE, THEY ABDUCTED US A FEW YEARS BACK, AN WHEN THEY FOUND WE WAS PACKIN MORE PASTRAMI THAN THEIR OLD MEN THEY BEEN COMIN BACK FOR MORE EVER SINCE!
IT'S THE BEST GODDAMN SEX WE'VE EVER HAD...

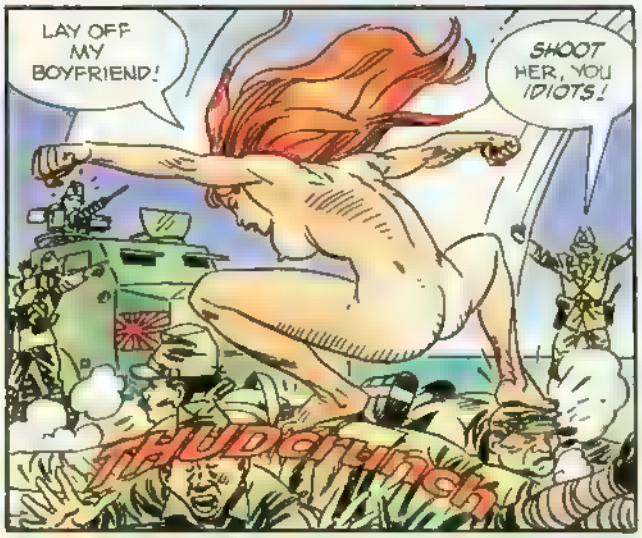
AN' YOU WENT AN' SCARED 'EM OFF, YOU FRIGGIN' MORON!!

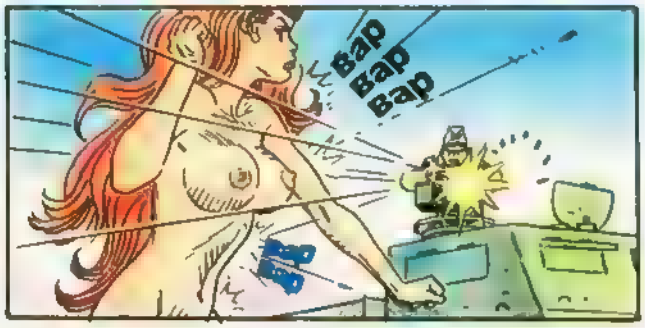
-SIGH- ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT AND HOPE...AND WATCH THE SKY.
SHEESH
THE END

DOCTOR DARE
SPACE: 1939
EPISODE 5: UNDER A NAZI MOON?
DR. JOANNA DARE, BEAUTIFUL RESEARCH BIOCHEMIST, INVENTOR AND ONLY TAKER OF THE MYSTERIOUS "GLADIATOR SERUM" WAS RECRUITED BY THE FIGHTIN' FIRST LADY, ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, TO BE AMERICA'S FIRST SUPER-POWERED SECRET AGENT IN PRE-WAR 1939! HER LATEST ASSIGNMENT IS TO FIND A NAZI ROCKET LAUNCHING BASE SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC. HELPING HER IS WELL-EQUIPPED AMERICAN ROCKETRY EXPERT DR. HANLON SUGARHILL. THE BASE IS REAL AND IS RUN BY NAZI ROCKET SCIENTIST DR. WERNER VON BRAUN IN CONJUNCTION WITH JAPANESE AGENT PROVOCATEUR PRINCESS SINFAR. IN THEIR COMPANY IS AGENT D, WHO WAS PERSONALLY TORTURED BY ADOLF HITLER FOR FAILING TO BRING BACK THE SERUM INTACT—WAS GIVEN TO VON BRAUN AS A PERSONAL SLAVE AND TAKEN BY THE PERVERTED SINFAR AS A "GIFT." OUR HEROES RENDEZVOUS WITH SUBMARINE TRANSPORT TO HALLOWEEN ISLAND! ON THE WAY, JOANNA HAS THE CAPTAIN SHOW HER HOW TO "BOX A COMPASS" AND MAKES GOOD USE OF HER SEX-ACTIVATED POWERS TO DESTROY A JAPANESE WARSHIP. MEANWHILE, DR. SUGARHILL IS STEALTHILY INSERTED ONTO HALLOWEEN ISLAND, WHERE HE IS TO A) SEEK INFORMATION, B) DESTROY THE LAUNCH CAPACITY, C) AVOID CONTACT AT ALL COSTS . . .
SCRIPT BY ELIOT R. BROWN
PLOT BY BARRY/MCCLELLAN
ART BY ALFONSO FONT
COLORS BY SUYDAM STUDIOS
LETTERS BY GAIL BECKETT

ALRIGHT, ALREADY... I'M MOVIN', I'M MOVIN'...!
FASTER, AMERICAN SPY. NO FALSE MOVES OR YOU WILL DIE!!
I AM NOT A SPY... I AM A CIVILIAN ENGINEER... I WORK FOR STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERS—!
SAVE YOUR STORIES FOR OUR INTERROGATORS, SPY!

AIEEE!


LAY OFF MY BOYFRIEND!
SHOOT HER, YOU IDIOTS!
HUDDUNCH


BAP BAP BAP

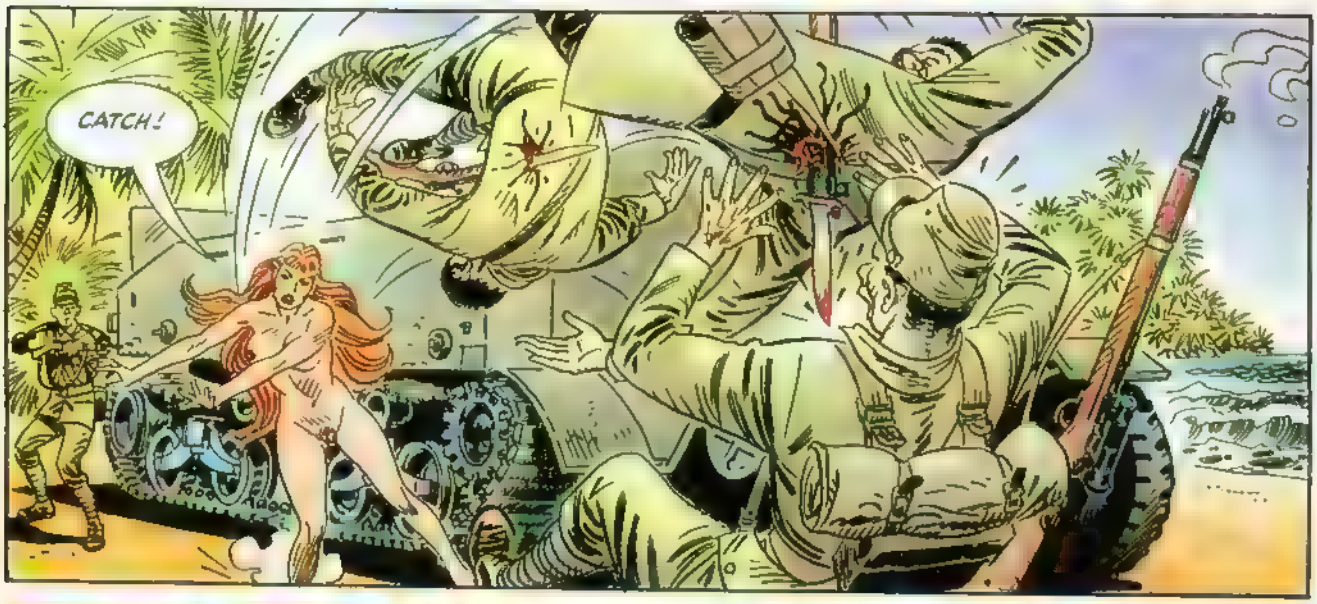
AHHH!
PYOW! PYOW! PYOW!
UNG!

NAII-I!

-HUH?

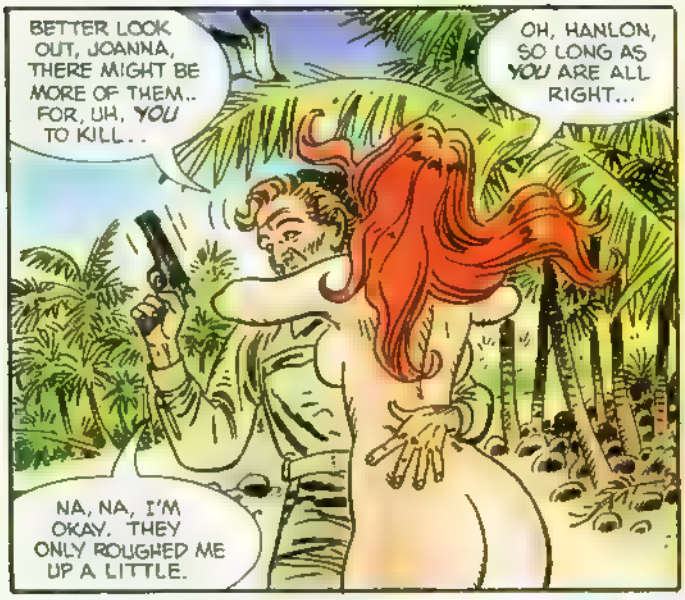
GUK!!??

HAH, YOU FILTHY SONS OF BITCHES!


CATCH!

DANK!

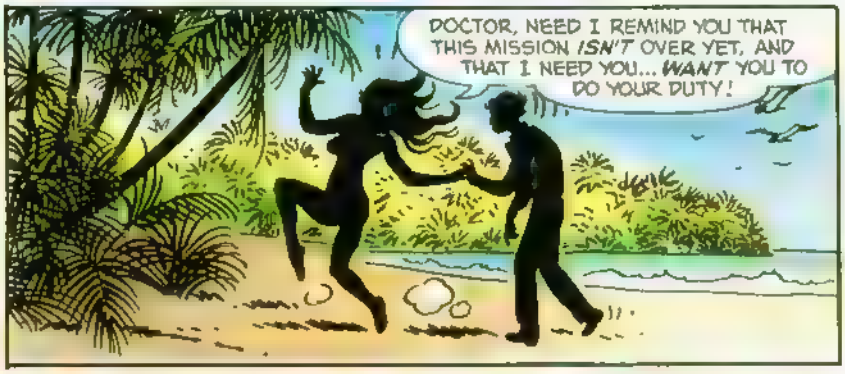
MY GOD, JOANNA... Y-YOU KILLED THEM ALL WITH YOUR BARE HANDS...
SO YOU SEE THAT I MIGHT MAKE A GOOD BODYGUARD?


BETTER LOOK OUT, JOANNA, THERE MIGHT BE MORE OF THEM.. FOR, UH, YOU TO KILL..
OH, HANLON, SO LONG AS YOU ARE ALL RIGHT...
NA, NA, I'M OKAY. THEY ONLY ROUGHED ME UP A LITTLE.

NOW, HANLON, I HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW THIS ALL WORKS...
...AND I THINK YOU MIGHT BELIEVE ME NOW.

I WAS A RESEARCH BIOCHEMIST AND WORKED ON A FORMULA THAT CONFERS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AND NEAR INVULNERABILITY ON WHOEVER DRINKS IT...
MY RESEARCHES WERE INTERRUPTED BY NAZI SPIES— YOU'VE BEEN BRIEFED ABOUT AGENT D—AND THEY FORCED ME TO TAKE THE FORMULA BEFORE I KNEW HOW IT WORKED

BUT I HAVE FOUND THAT SEXUAL CONGRESS TRIGGERS THE ONSET OF MY POWERS AND THIS REMARKABLE CHANGE IN MY LOOKS.
YOU MEAN ..THAT IF. I, UH, WE..


DOCTOR, NEED I REMIND YOU THAT THIS MISSION ISN'T OVER YET, AND THAT I NEED YOU... WANT YOU TO DO YOUR DUTY!

YEEHAHAHAHAHAHOOOHOOOOHHAH

YOU WERE HEADED FOR THE CONCEALED ROCKET OPENINGS WHEN YOU LANDED... FROM INSIDE, THEY RUN ABOUT 1.5 MILES FROM THE MAIN VOLCANO OPENING AND FUEL DUMP..

...WE SET SOME CHARGES THERE AND TAKE OFF, RIGHT?

<GIGGLE> SURE, HONEY!

HAN, HONEY, WE HAD SOME FUN—AND HOW, YOU HORSE—BUT NOW WE HAVE TO BLOW UP THE ROCKETS!

OKAY, OKAY, DARLING. BUT I NEVER DID ANYTHING LIKE THAT, AH, OUT IN THE OPEN AND ALL ..

I WAS GIVEN FIVE SATCHEL CHARGES WITH 60-AND 120-MINUTE FUSES, AND I KNOW THERE'S ENOUGH FUEL HERE TO ACT AS THE PERFECT ACCELERATOR TO THE EXPLOSIVES.

WE'VE GOT TO BE FAIRLY QUIET FROM NOW ON, HANLON, DEAR...

...AND LET *YOU* DO THE FIGHTING! NO ARGUMENT FROM ME!

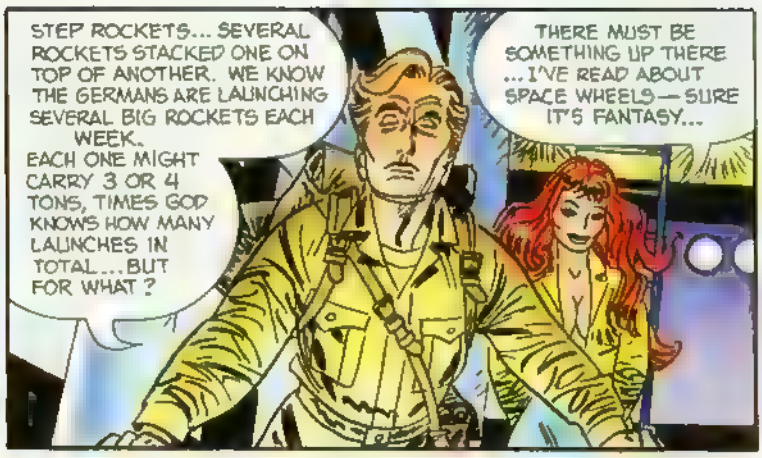
KRAFTSTOFF PFEIFEND GESCHÄFTSRAUM

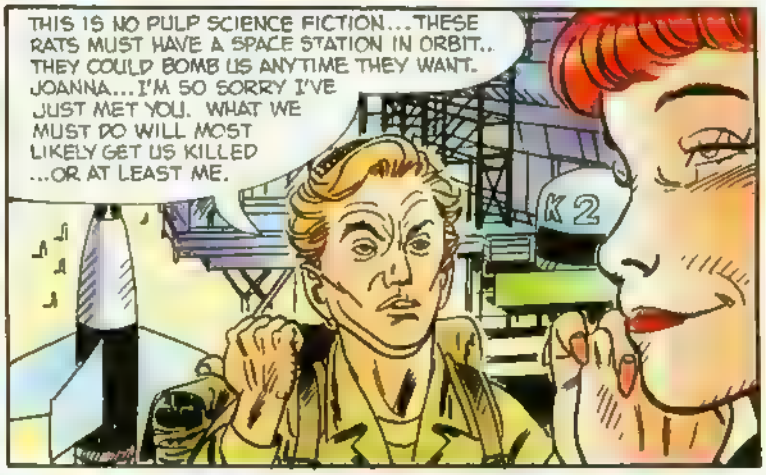
THAT SAYS "FUEL PIPING CHAMBER"—WE NEED TO GET THROUGH THAT DOOR..

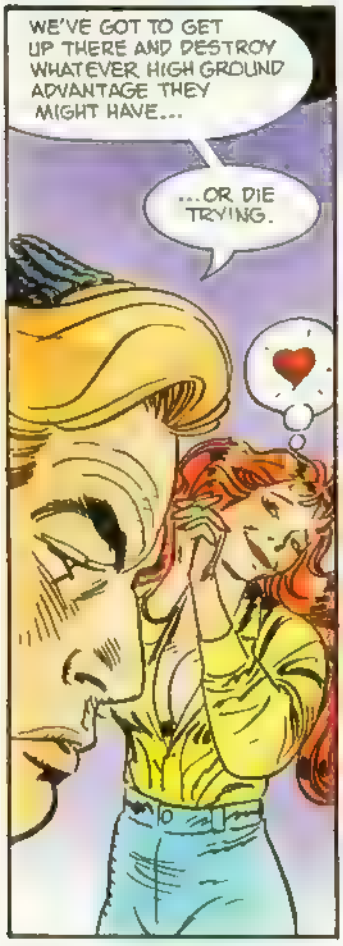
IN WE GO, DOCTOR, HONEY...

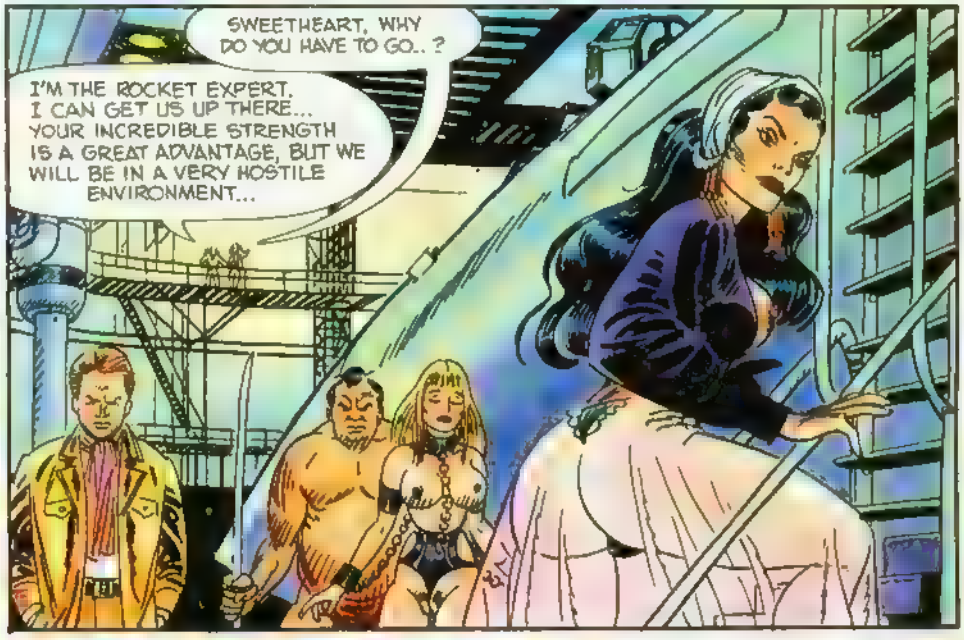
TUNK-CREEEEEK

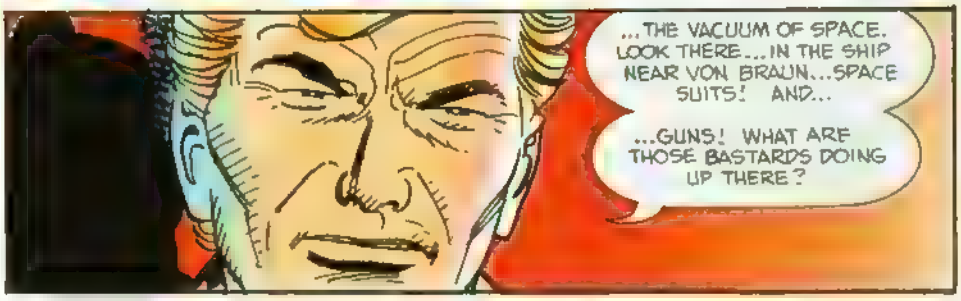
LOOK AT THOSE BEAUTIFUL BIRDS... JO...THESE BASTARDS ARE SO FAR AHEAD OF US... JEEZ. .
WE KNOW THEY'VE GOT THOSE BIG, UH, WHAT DID YOU CALL THEM? STAIR ROCKETS...?

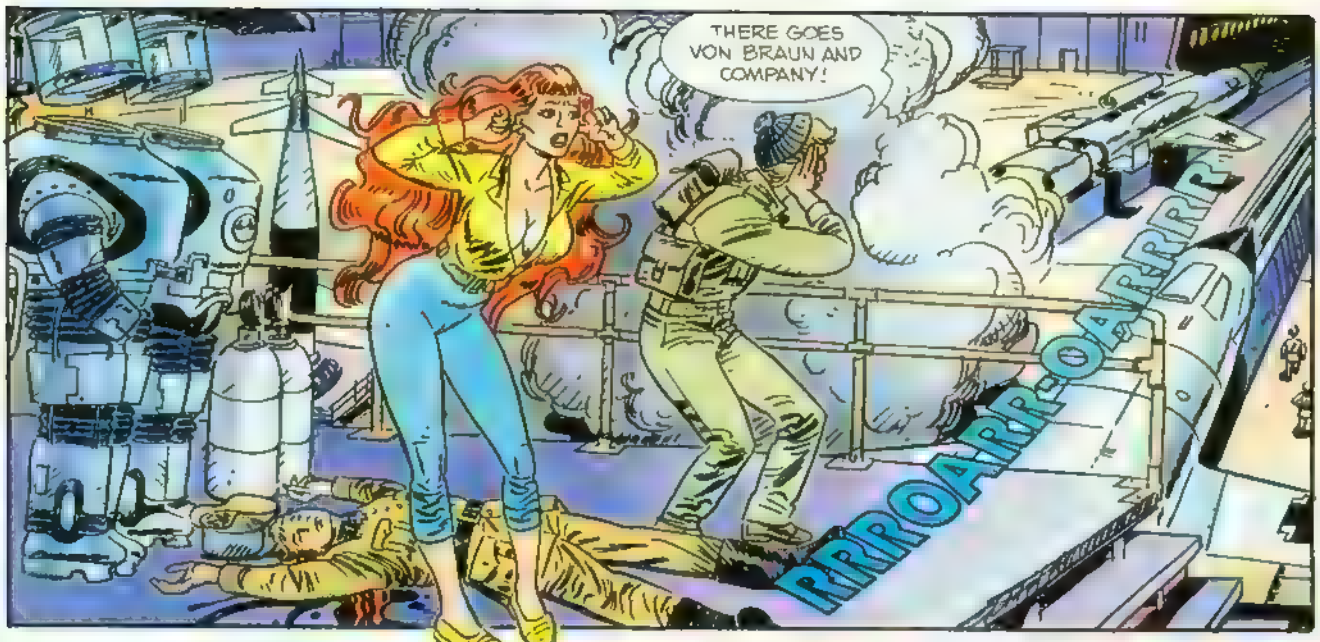

STEP ROCKETS... SEVERAL ROCKETS STACKED ONE ON TOP OF ANOTHER. WE KNOW THE GERMANS ARE LAUNCHING SEVERAL BIG ROCKETS EACH WEEK. EACH ONE MIGHT CARRY 3 OR 4 TONS, TIMES GOD KNOWS HOW MANY LAUNCHES IN TOTAL...BUT FOR WHAT ?
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING UP THERE ...I'VE READ ABOUT SPACE WHEELS — SURE IT'S FANTASY...

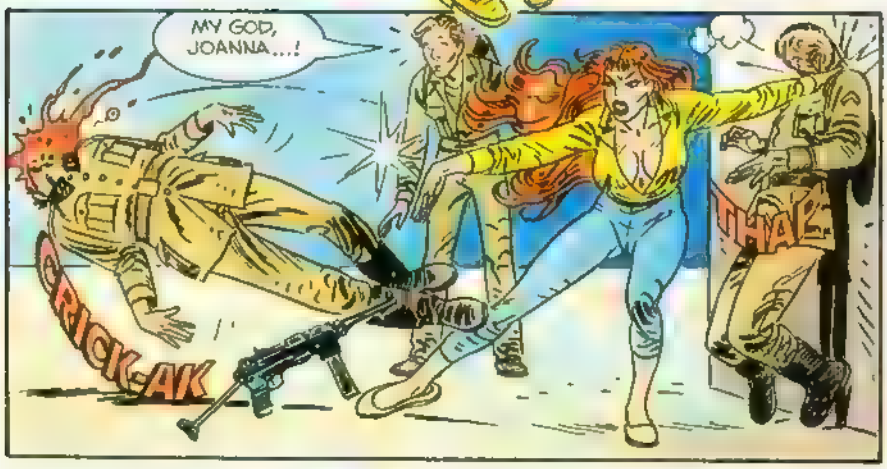

THIS IS NO PULP SCIENCE FICTION...THESE RATS MUST HAVE A SPACE STATION IN ORBIT.. THEY COULD BOMB US ANYTIME THEY WANT. JOANNA...I'M SO SORRY I'VE JUST MET YOU. WHAT WE MUST DO WILL MOST LIKELY GET US KILLED ...OR AT LEAST ME.
K2


WE'VE GOT TO GET UP THERE AND DESTROY WHATEVER HIGH GROUND ADVANTAGE THEY MIGHT HAVE...
...OR DIE TRYING.

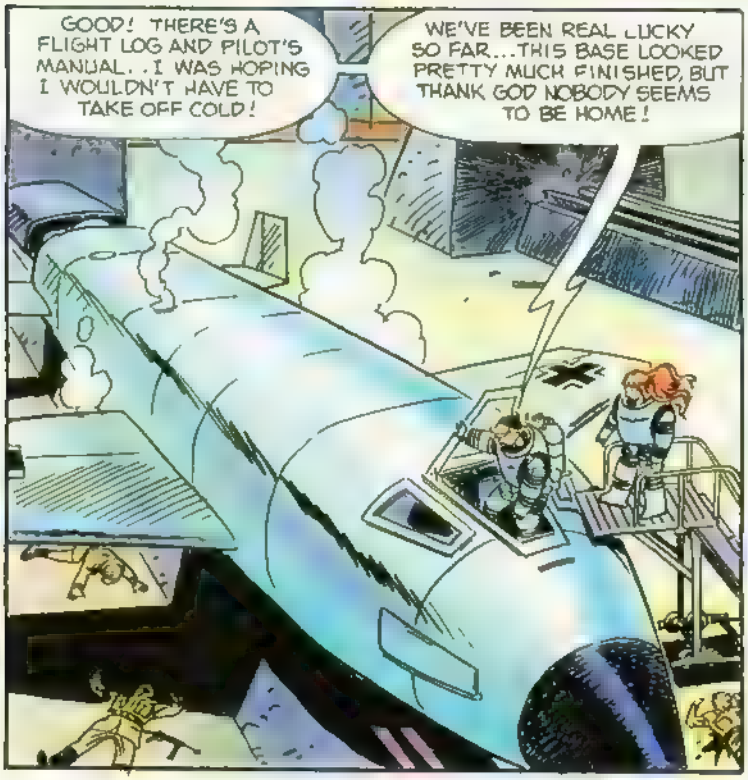

SWEETHEART, WHY DO YOU HAVE TO GO.. ?
I'M THE ROCKET EXPERT. I CAN GET US UP THERE... YOUR INCREDIBLE STRENGTH IS A GREAT ADVANTAGE, BUT WE WILL BE IN A VERY HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT...

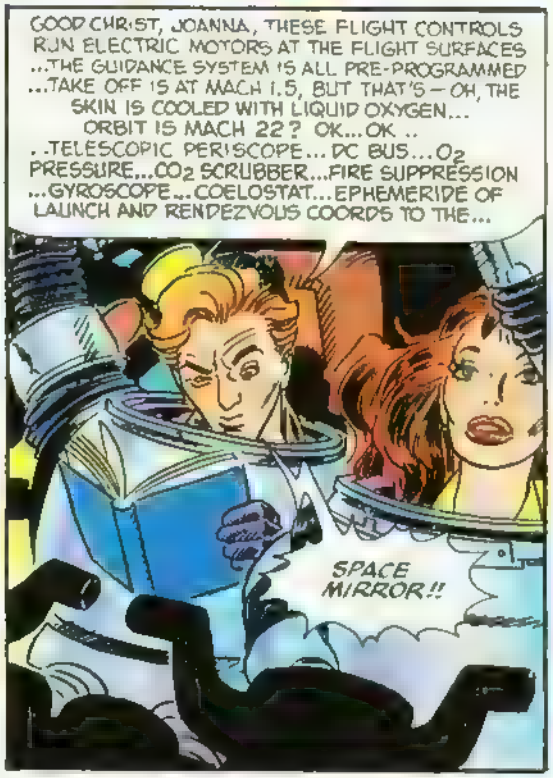

...THE VACUUM OF SPACE. LOOK THERE...IN THE SHIP NEAR VON BRAUN...SPACE SUITS! AND...
...GUNS! WHAT ARE THOSE BASTARDS DOING UP THERE ?

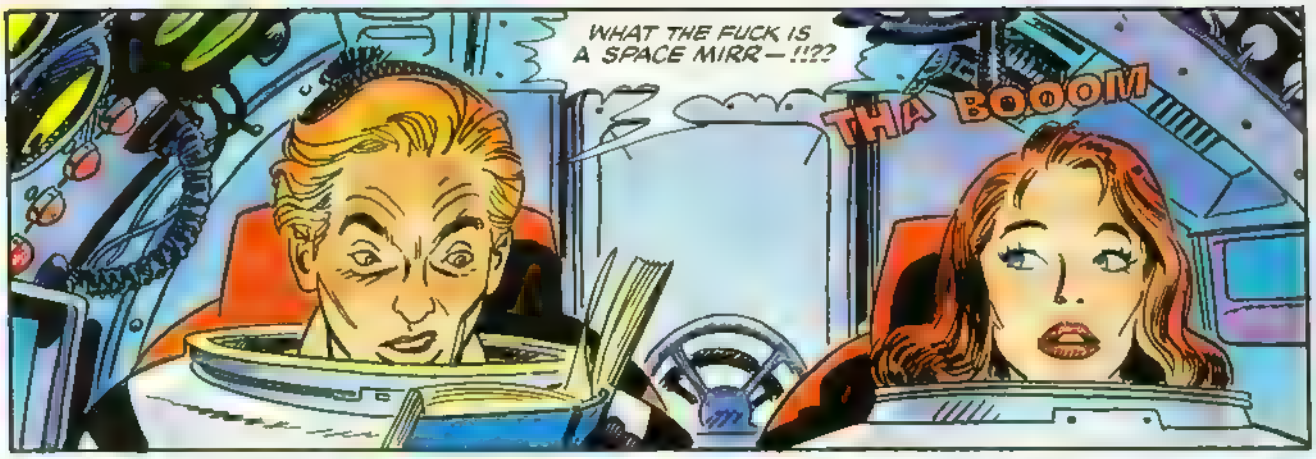

THERE GOES VON BRAUN AND COMPANY!
RRROARRR-OARRRR


MY GOD, JOANNA...!
CRICK-AK

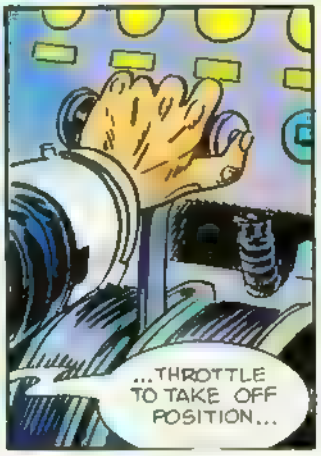
YEAH, HANLON, I'M NOT REALLY USED TO IT, EITHER .. COME ON, DOCTOR DARLING, WE HAVE 25 MINUTES BEFORE THOSE CHARGES GO UP!

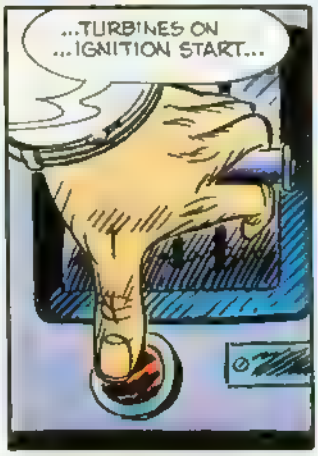

GOOD! THERE'S A FLIGHT LOG AND PILOT'S MANUAL. . I WAS HOPING I WOULDN'T HAVE TO TAKE OFF COLD!
WE'VE BEEN REAL LUCKY SO FAR...THIS BASE LOOKED PRETTY MUCH FINISHED, BUT THANK GOD NOBODY SEEMS TO BE HOME!

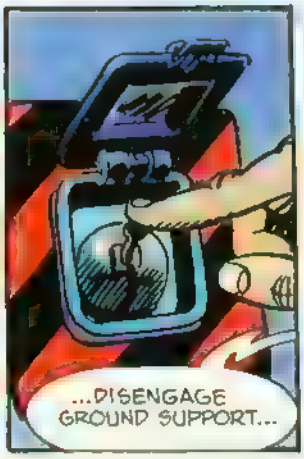

GOOD CHRIST, JOANNA, THESE FLIGHT CONTROLS RUN ELECTRIC MOTORS AT THE FLIGHT SURFACES ...THE GUIDANCE SYSTEM IS ALL PRE-PROGRAMMED ...TAKE OFF IS AT MACH 1.5, BUT THAT'S – OH, THE SKIN IS COOLED WITH LIQUID OXYGEN... ORBIT IS MACH 22? OK...OK .. . .TELESCOPIC PERISCOPE...DC BUS...O_2 PRESSURE...CO_2 SCRUBBER...FIRE SUPPRESSION ...GYROSCOPE...COELOSTAT...EPHEMERIDE OF LAUNCH AND RENDEZVOUS COORDS TO THE...
SPACE MIRROR!!

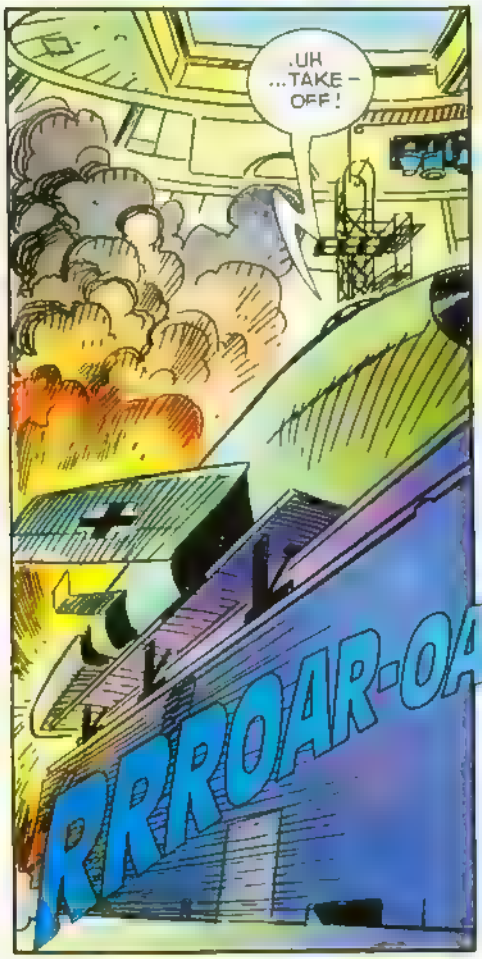

WHAT THE FUCK IS A SPACE MIRR—!!??
THA BOOOM

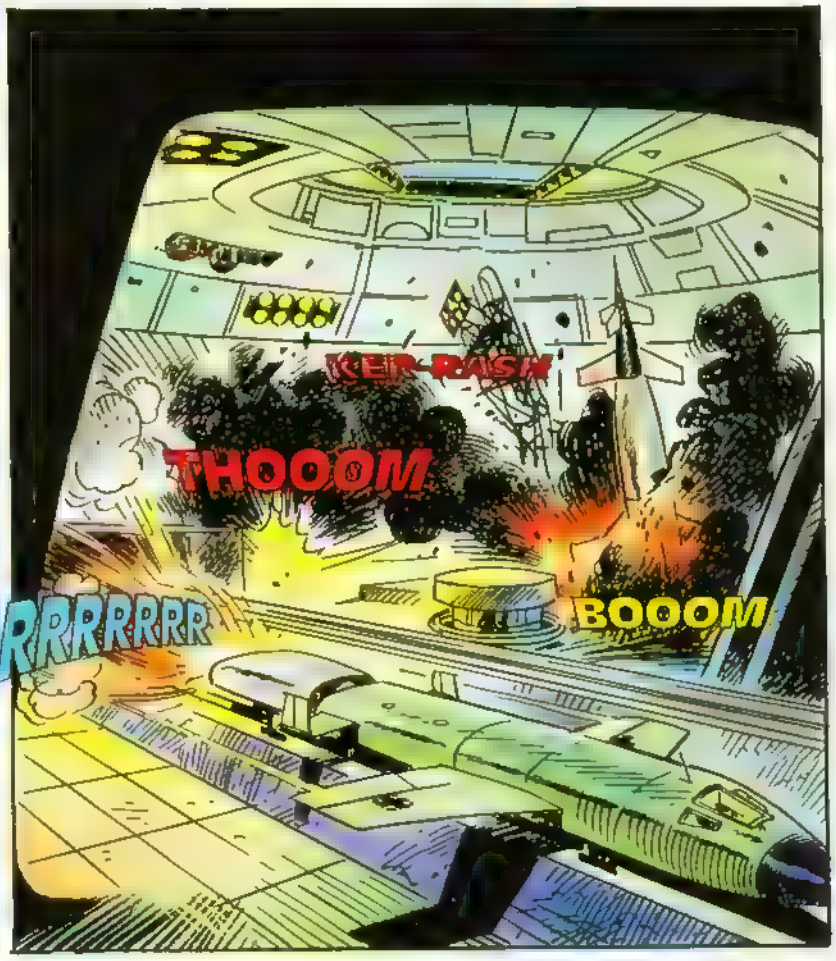
ELECTRIC TO INTERNAL ..

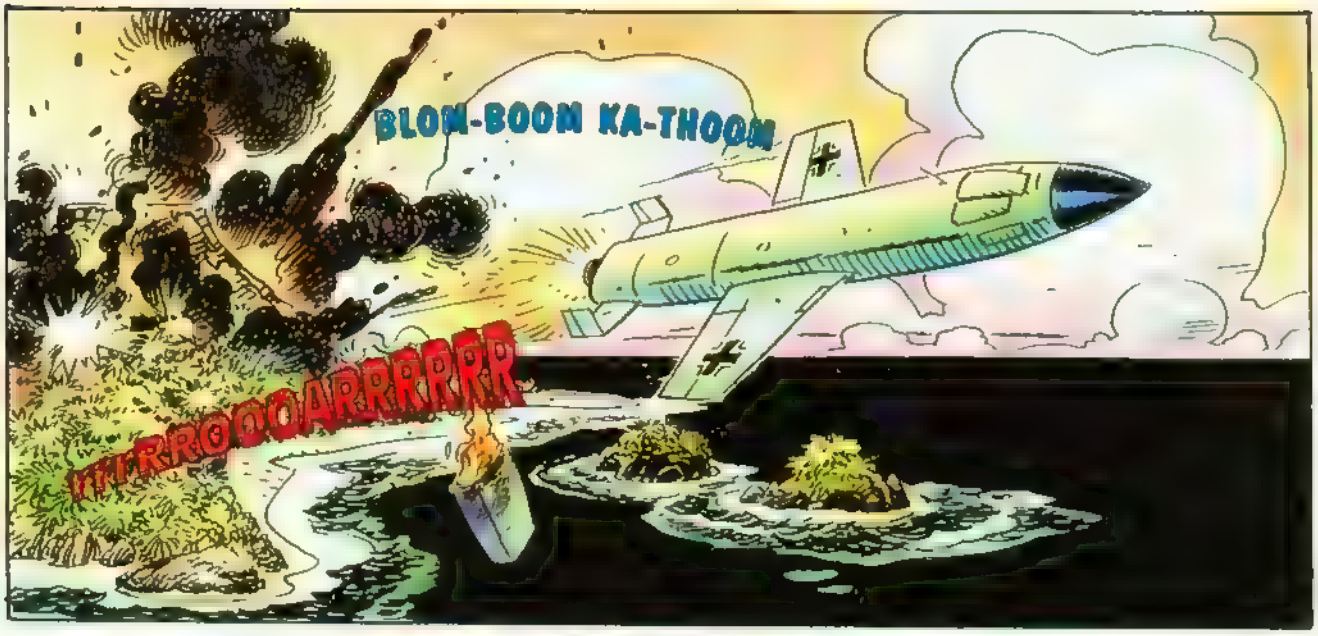

...THROTTLE TO TAKE OFF POSITION...

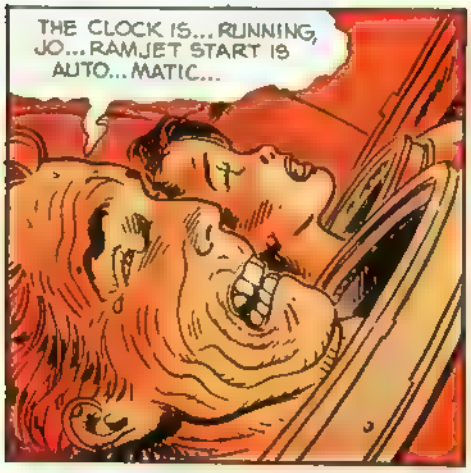

...TURBINES ON ...IGNITION START...

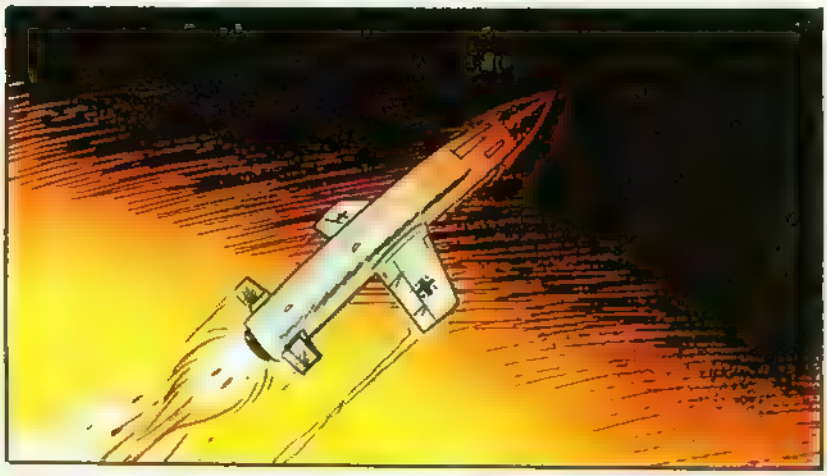

...DISENGAGE GROUND SUPPORT...


.UH ...TAKE-OFF!
RRROAR-OARRRRRRR

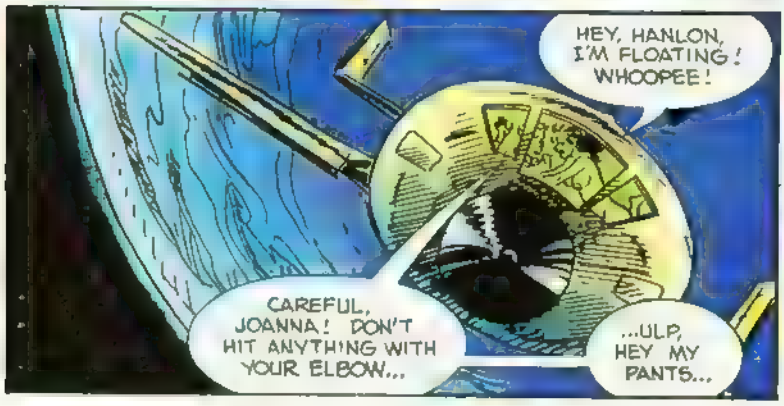

THOOOM
BOOOM

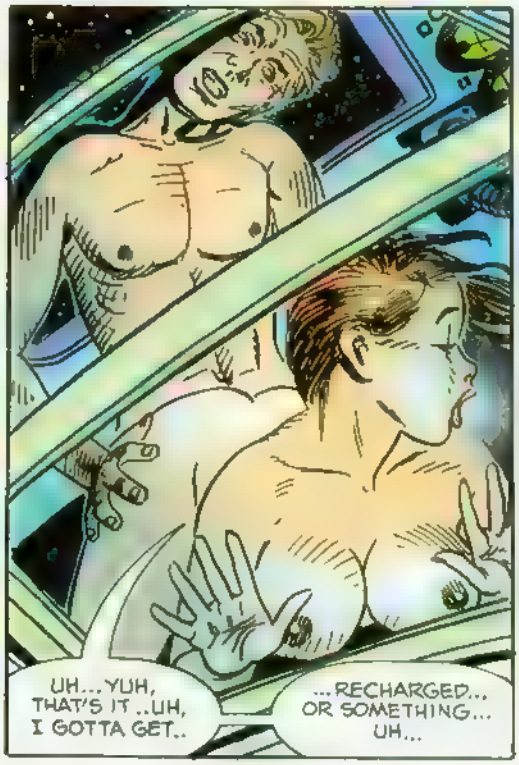

BLOM-BOOM KA-THOOM
FFRROOOARRRRRR

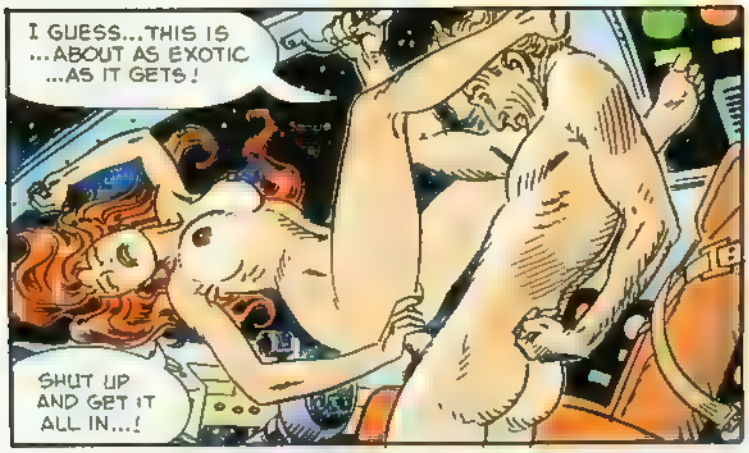

THE CLOCK IS... RUNNING, JO... RAMJET START IS AUTO... MATIC...

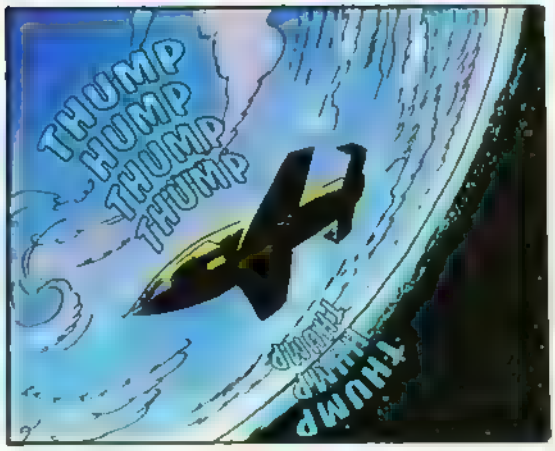


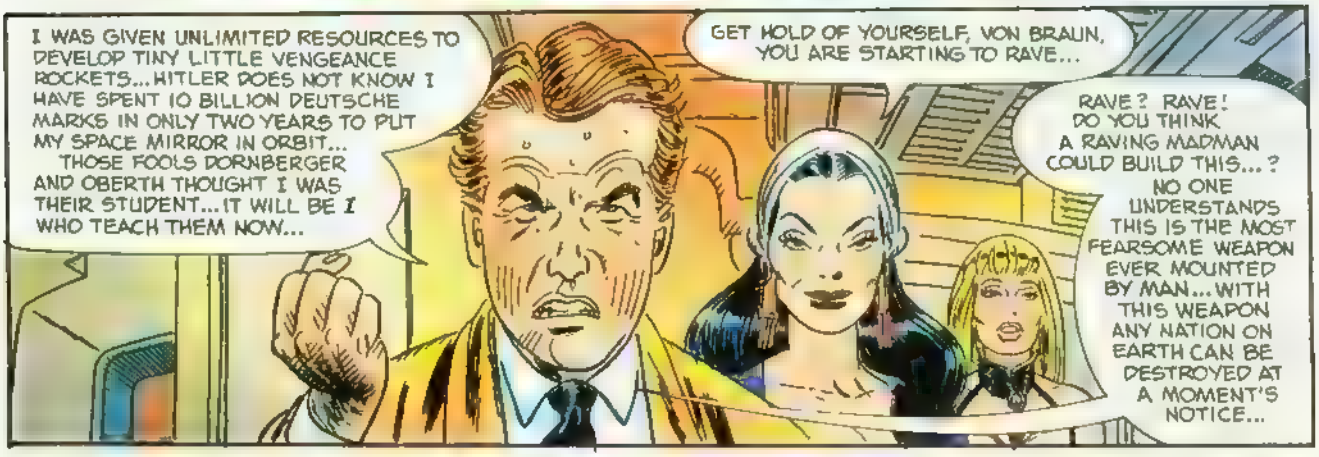
BRENNSCHLUSS! JETTISON ENGINE... JETTISON TANKS... WHEW! NOW I CAN BREATHE!

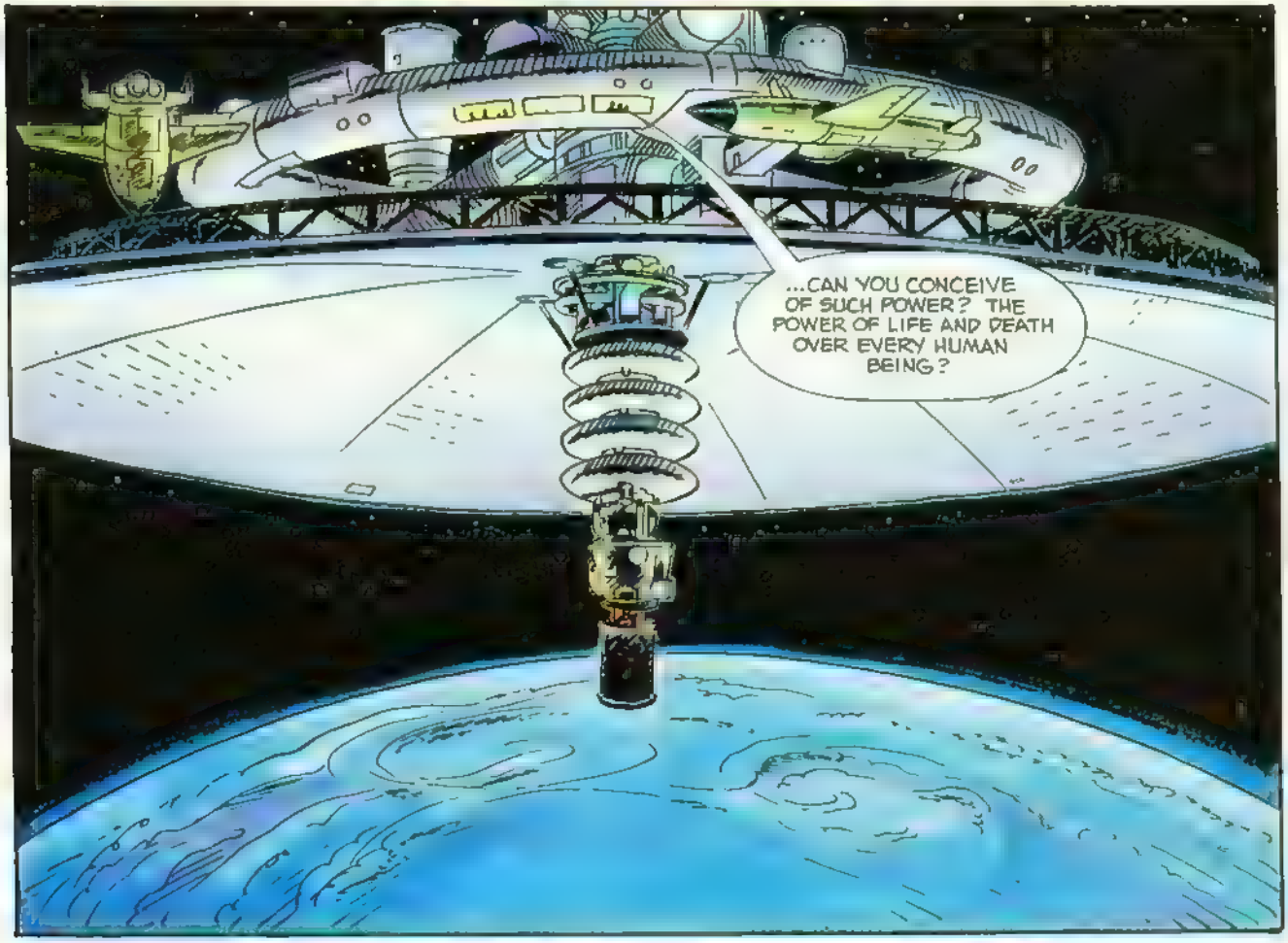

HEY, HANLON, I'M FLOATING! WHOOPEE!
CAREFUL, JOANNA! DON'T HIT ANYTHING WITH YOUR ELBOW...
...ULP, HEY MY PANTS...

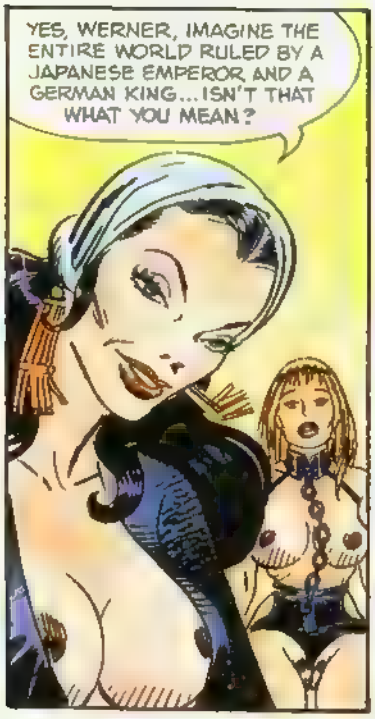

UH... YUH, THAT'S IT ..UH, I GOTTA GET..
...RECHARGED... OR SOMETHING... UH...


I GUESS...THIS IS ...ABOUT AS EXOTIC ...AS IT GETS!
SHUT UP AND GET IT ALL IN...!

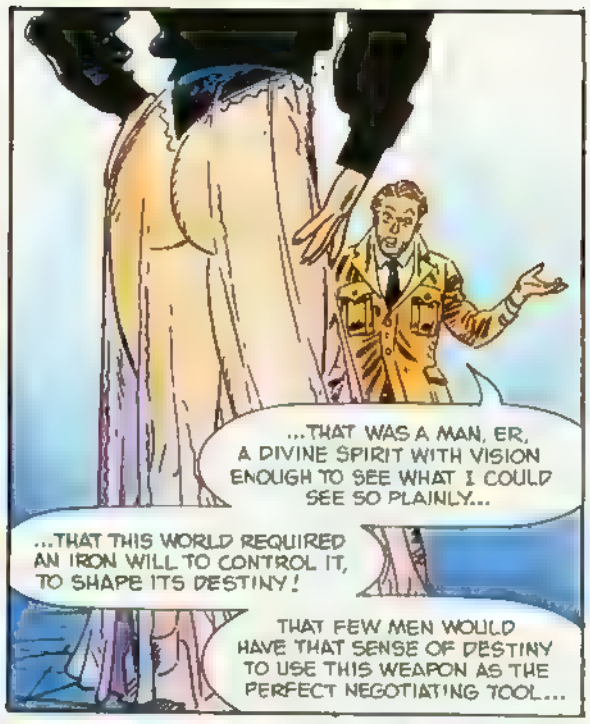

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

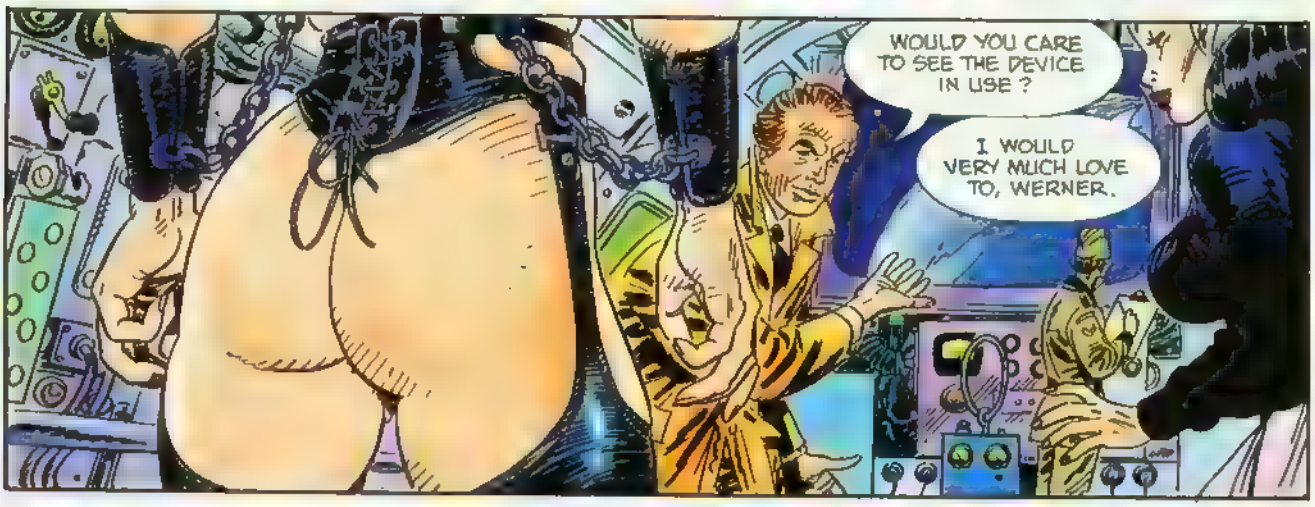

I WAS GIVEN UNLIMITED RESOURCES TO DEVELOP TINY LITTLE VENGEANCE ROCKETS...HITLER DOES NOT KNOW I HAVE SPENT 10 BILLION DEUTSCHE MARKS IN ONLY TWO YEARS TO PUT MY SPACE MIRROR IN ORBIT... THOSE FOOLS DORNBERGER AND OBERTH THOUGHT I WAS THEIR STUDENT...IT WILL BE I WHO TEACH THEM NOW...
GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, VON BRAUN, YOU ARE STARTING TO RAVE...
RAVE? RAVE! DO YOU THINK A RAVING MADMAN COULD BUILD THIS...? NO ONE UNDERSTANDS THIS IS THE MOST FEARSOME WEAPON EVER MOUNTED BY MAN...WITH THIS WEAPON ANY NATION ON EARTH CAN BE DESTROYED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE...


...CAN YOU CONCEIVE OF SUCH POWER? THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH OVER EVERY HUMAN BEING?


YES, WERNER, IMAGINE THE ENTIRE WORLD RULED BY A JAPANESE EMPEROR AND A GERMAN KING...ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU MEAN?

BUT OF COURSE, MY PRINCESS...THIS HAS BEEN A MUTUAL ENDEAVOR... NOTHING COULD HAVE BEEN DONE WITHOUT ACCESS TO YOUR ISLAND AND THE PROTECTION OF THE JAPANESE NAVY...
...THAT WAS HOW ALL THIS WAS MADE POSSIBLE...EVEN THE GERMAN SOCIETY FOR SPACE TRAVEL RIDICULED ME, BUT YOUR EMPEROR WAS MOST GRACIOUS...


...THAT WAS A MAN, ER, A DIVINE SPIRIT WITH VISION ENOUGH TO SEE WHAT I COULD SEE SO PLAINLY...
...THAT THIS WORLD REQUIRED AN IRON WILL TO CONTROL IT, TO SHAPE ITS DESTINY!
THAT FEW MEN WOULD HAVE THAT SENSE OF DESTINY TO USE THIS WEAPON AS THE PERFECT NEGOTIATING TOOL...

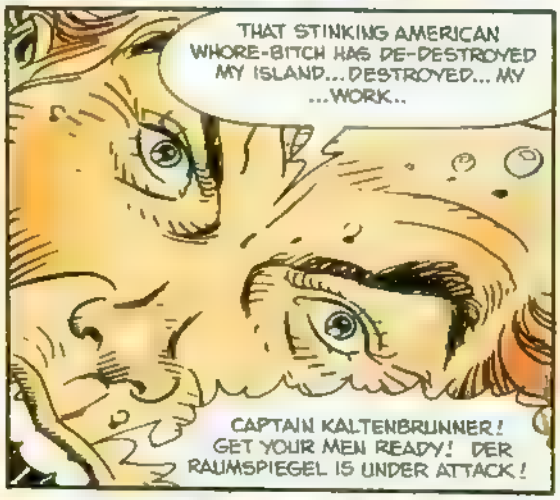

WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE THE DEVICE IN USE?
I WOULD VERY MUCH LOVE TO, WERNER.

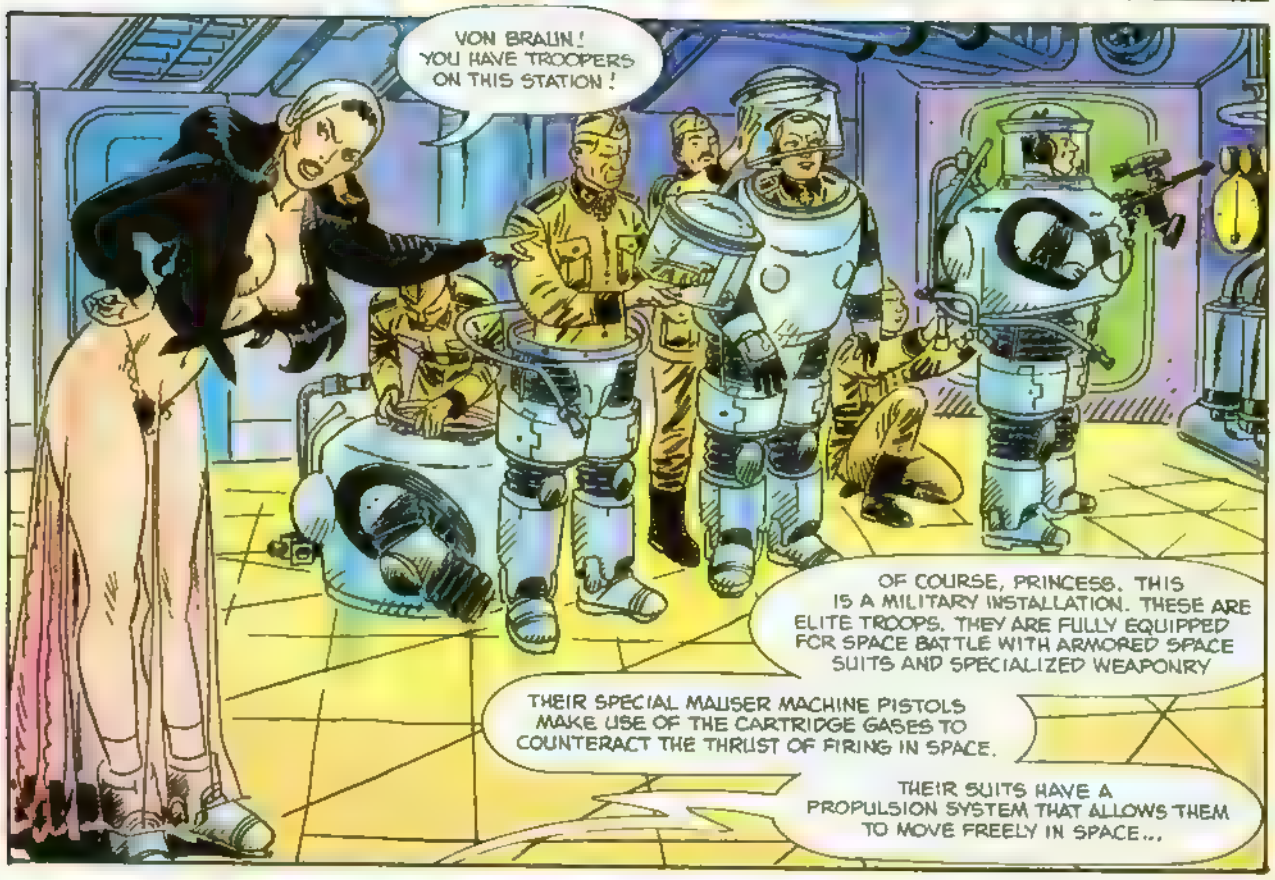
THE CENTRAL TOWER IS MADE OF AN EXOTIC METAL THAT CONVERTS SUNLIGHT INTO ELECTRICITY. ON THE END IS AN ELECTRON GUN THAT SHOOTS A BEAM OF PURE ENERGY STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH!
A SET OF LARGE GYROSCOPES ARE USED TO LINE UP THE MIRROR WITH THE SUN...THE FLOW OF ENERGY IS ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS...
WE HAVE ALIGNMENT, HERR DOKTOR
VERY GOOD.. OBSERVE, PRINCESS SINFAR, ON THE MONITOR..

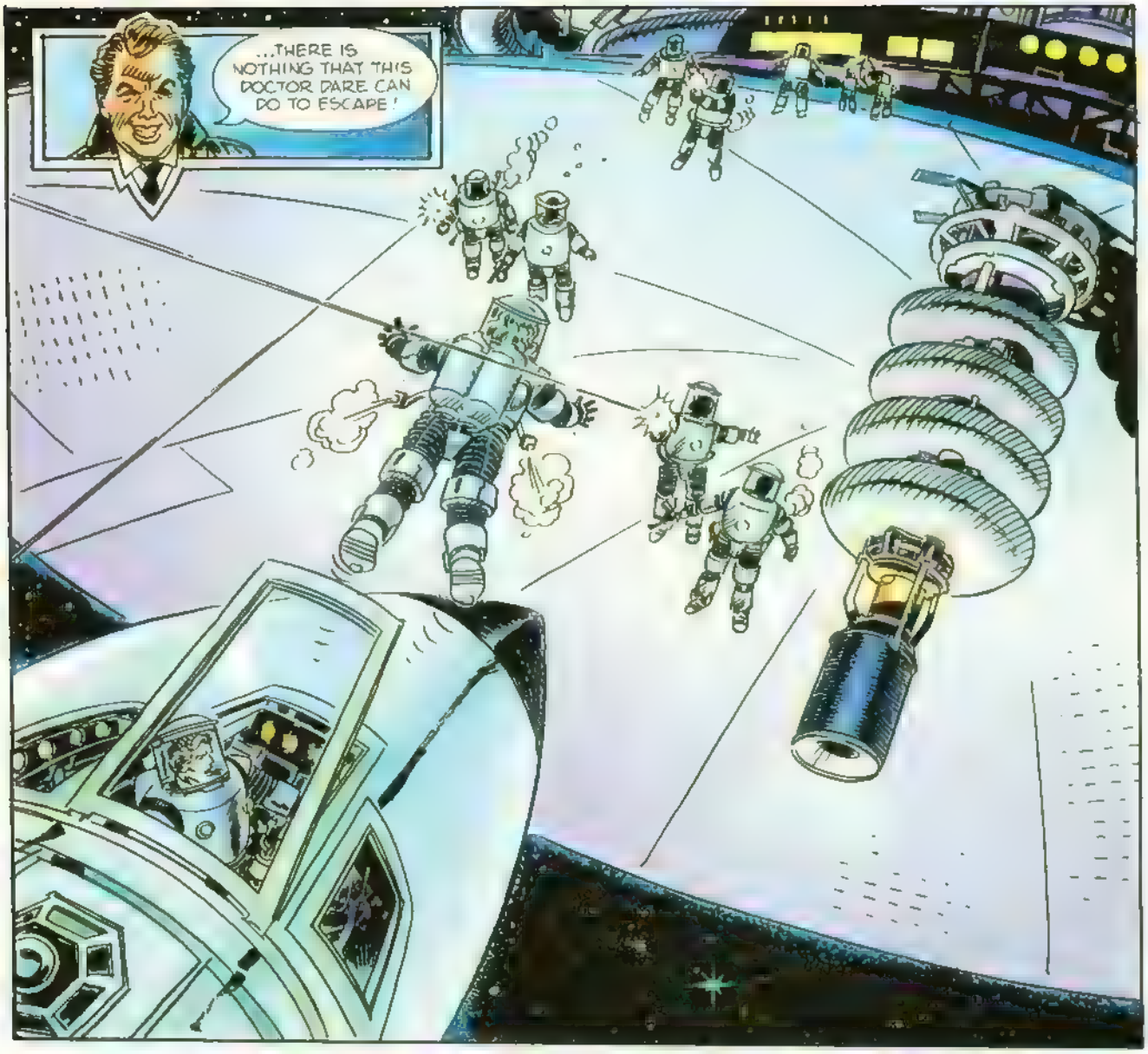
FIRE !!
MMMMMMMMMMMM
GONNOZZZZ
SSSSSSSSSSSS
BAVOOM
VABOOOM !!
CAN YOU SEE THAT ? THEY'RE FIRING SOME KIND OF DEATH RAY AT THE EARTH ! JESUS ! LOOK AT THE CLOUDS AND THE OCEAN .!
THIS IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT... WE'RE 8 MINUTES AWAY .LET ME SHOW YOU THE SPACE SUIT, JOANNA..

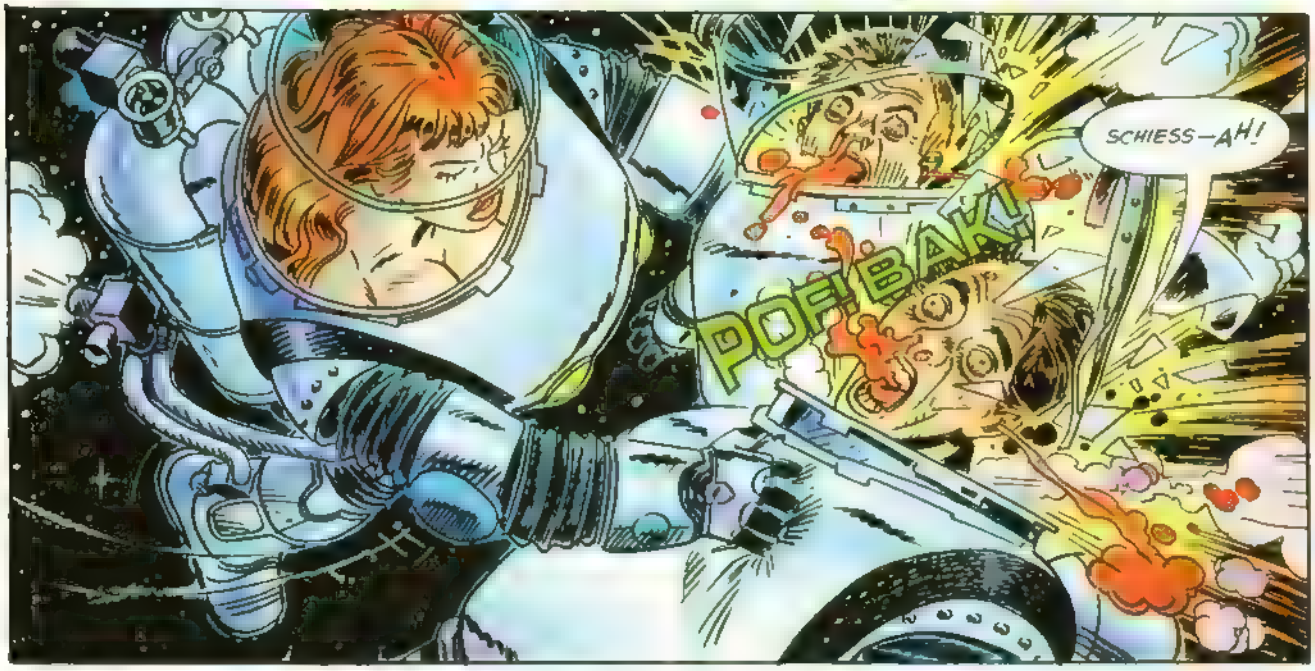
FOUR THOUSAND MILLIONS OF WATTS POURED ONTO A SQUARE KILOMETER!
HERR DOKTOR VON BRAUN! THERE IS AN UNAUTHORIZED SPACE PLANE APPROACHING AND HALLOWEEN ISLAND DOES NOT ANSWER!

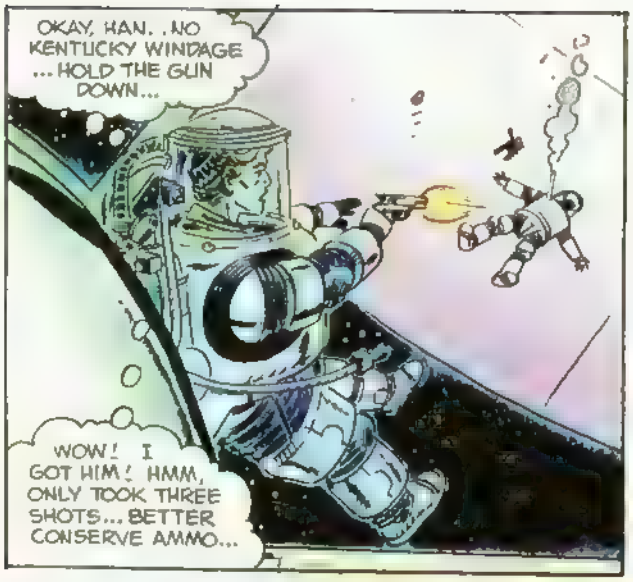
BREAK RADIO SECURITY PROCEDURES... ARE WE ABLE TO SEE HALLOWEEN DIRECTLY? THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED, VON BRAUN?
I DON'T KNOW! IF HALLOWEEN ISN'T ANSWERING, IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING..

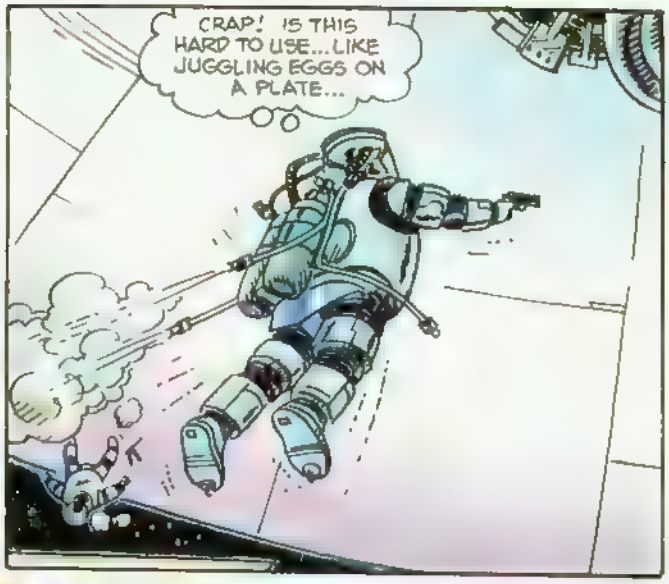

THAT STINKING AMERICAN WHORE-BITCH HAS DE-DESTROYED MY ISLAND... DESTROYED... MY ...WORK..
CAPTAIN KALTENBRUNNER! GET YOUR MEN READY! DER RAUMSPIEGEL IS UNDER ATTACK!

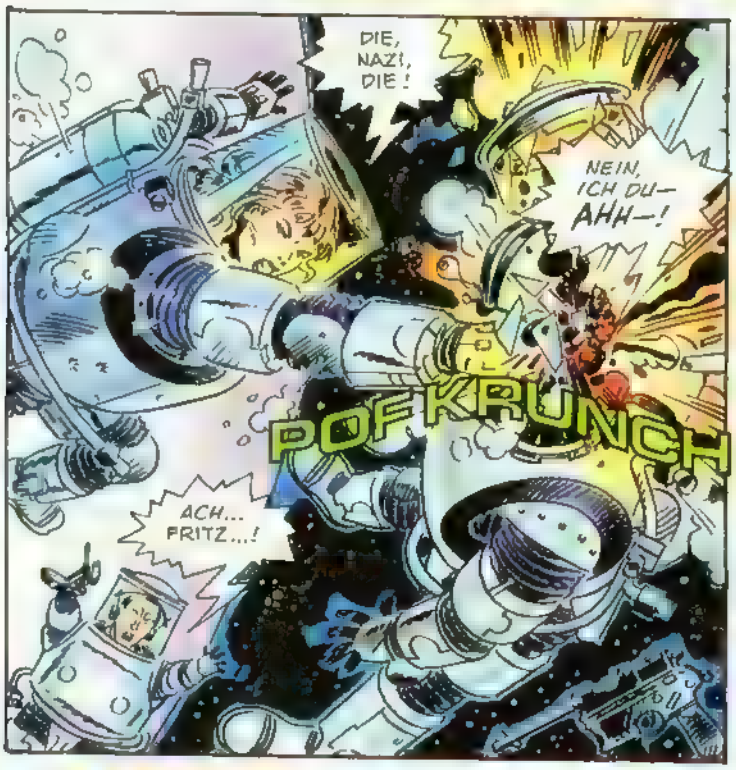

VON BRAUN! YOU HAVE TROOPERS ON THIS STATION!
OF COURSE, PRINCESS. THIS IS A MILITARY INSTALLATION. THESE ARE ELITE TROOPS. THEY ARE FULLY EQUIPPED FOR SPACE BATTLE WITH ARMORED SPACE SUITS AND SPECIALIZED WEAPONRY
THEIR SPECIAL MAUSER MACHINE PISTOLS MAKE USE OF THE CARTRIDGE GASES TO COUNTERACT THE THRUST OF FIRING IN SPACE.
THEIR SUITS HAVE A PROPULSION SYSTEM THAT ALLOWS THEM TO MOVE FREELY IN SPACE...

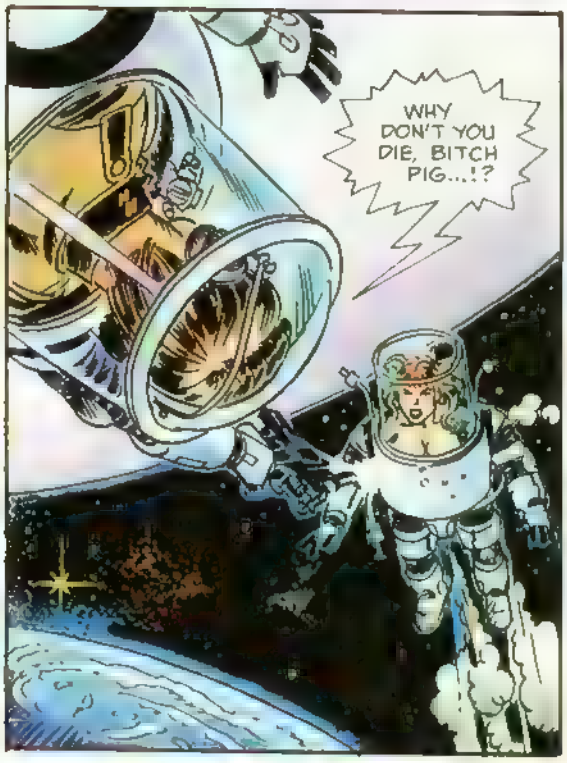

...THERE IS NOTHING THAT THIS DOCTOR DARE CAN DO TO ESCAPE!

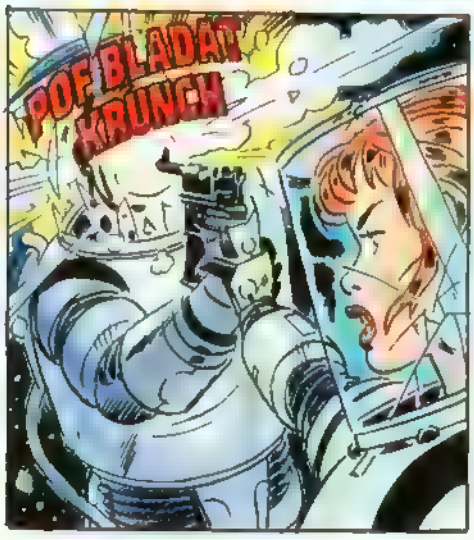

SCHIESS—AH!
POF! BAK!

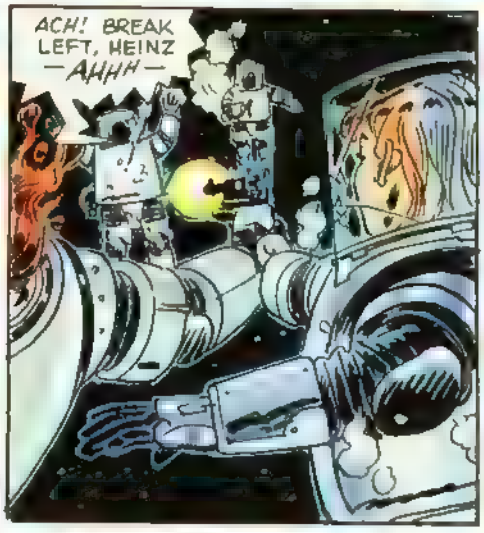

OKAY, HAN. . NO KENTUCKY WINDAGE ... HOLD THE GUN DOWN...
WOW! I GOT HIM! HMM, ONLY TOOK THREE SHOTS... BETTER CONSERVE AMMO...

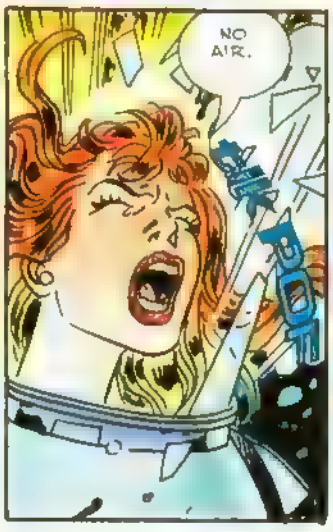

CRAP! IS THIS HARD TO USE... LIKE JUGGLING EGGS ON A PLATE...


DIE, NAZI, DIE!
NEIN, ICH DU— AHH—!
POF KRUNCH
ACH... FRITZ...!


WHY DON'T YOU DIE, BITCH PIG...!?


POF BLADAD KRUNCH


ACH! BREAK LEFT, HEINZ —AHHH—


NO AIR.
POF

DO AS SHE SAYS YOU FOOLS...!
SATO! I NEED THESE MEN TO FEAR ME!
HAI !!

EEEYAH !

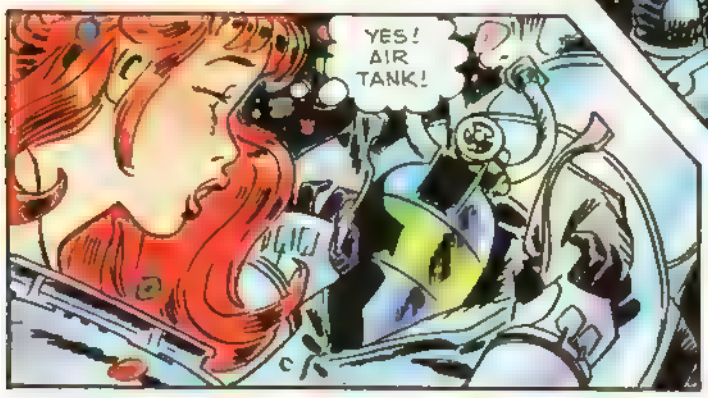
EEE-AAAH !
HAIIEEE-YO !
YOYEEE-UYH !

MISTRESS! NOT HAVING GRAVITY IS NO CHALLENGE AT ALL!
NOW I SHALL RULE THE WORLD— HAH/HAH HA HA AHAA HAAA!

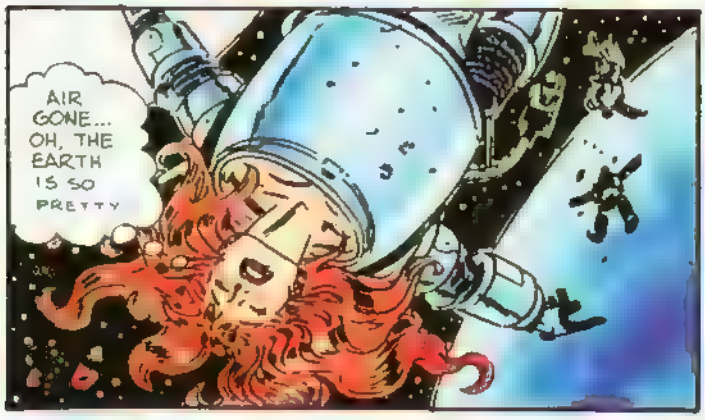
BOOOM!

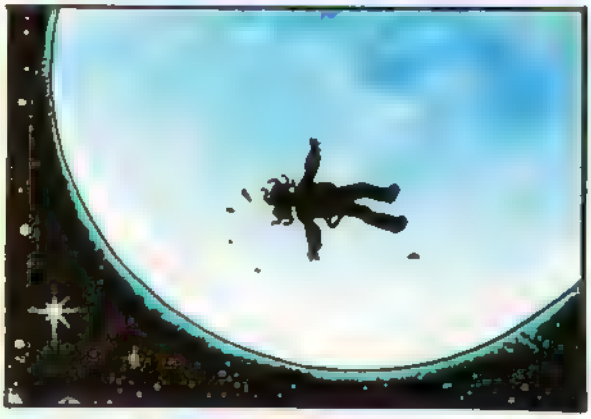
KEEP THOSE GUNS COMING, ASSHOLES! SLOWLY! MOVE AND YOU'RE DEAD!

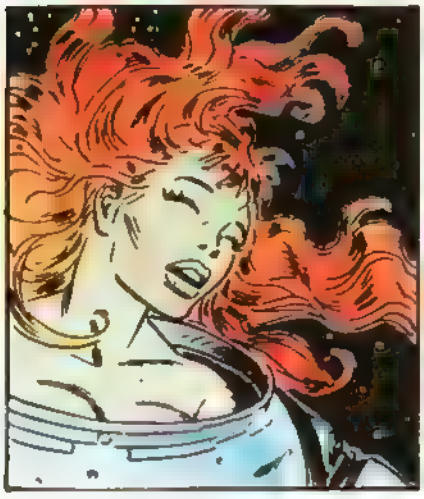
SHIT! SHIT SHIT SHIT! NOW WHAT?


YES! AIR TANK!

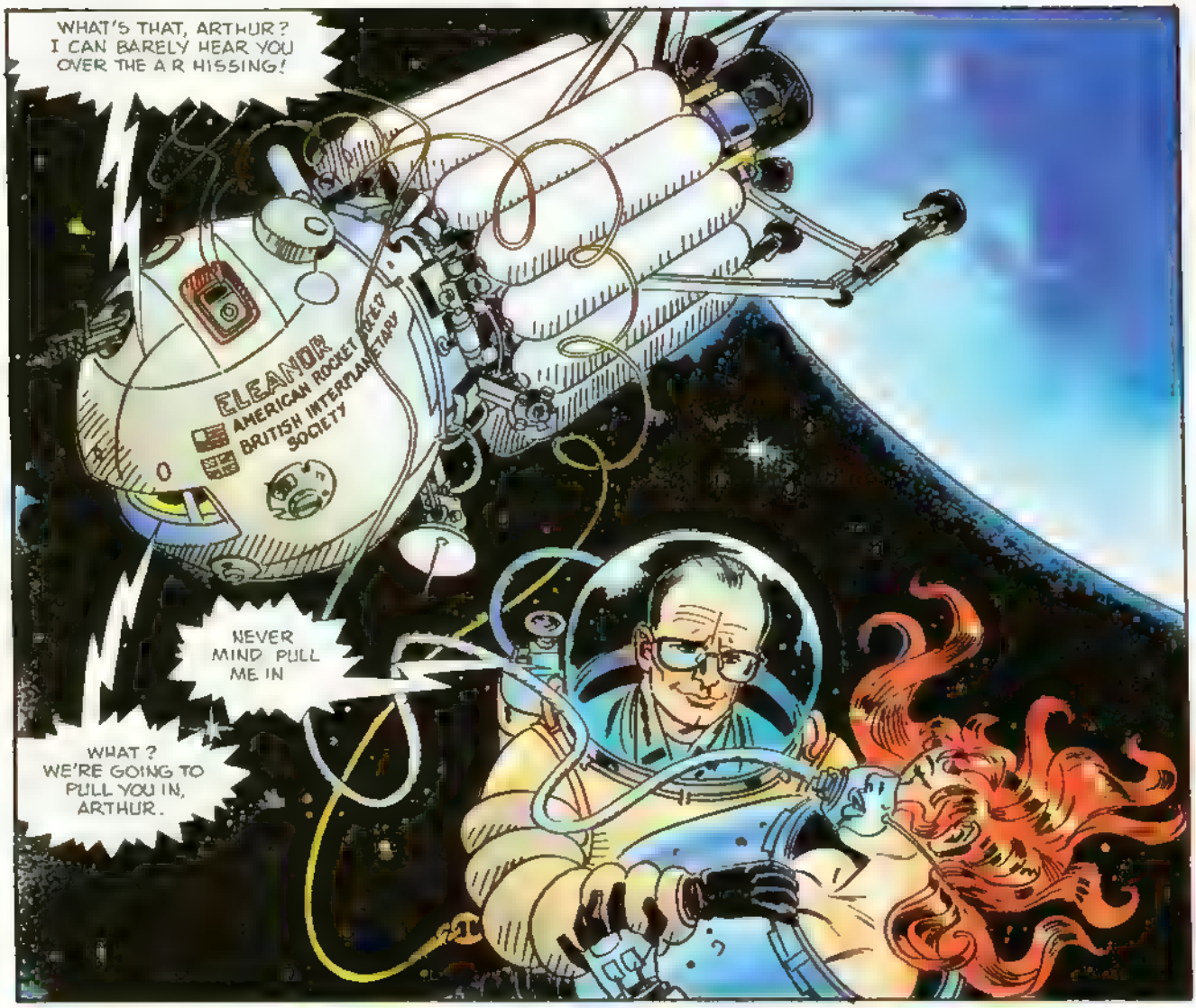
AIR! OH, THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT. .
SSSSSSSSSP

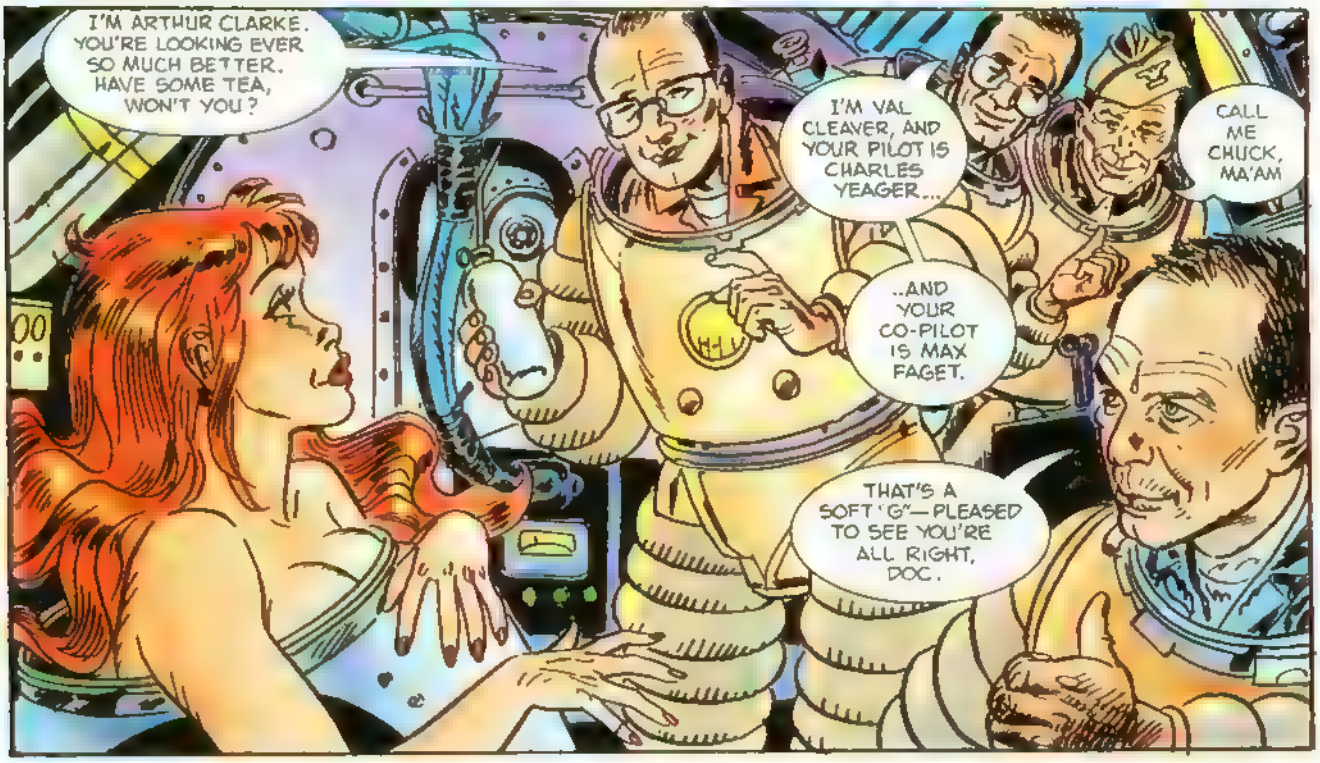

AIR GONE... OH, THE EARTH IS SO PRETTY



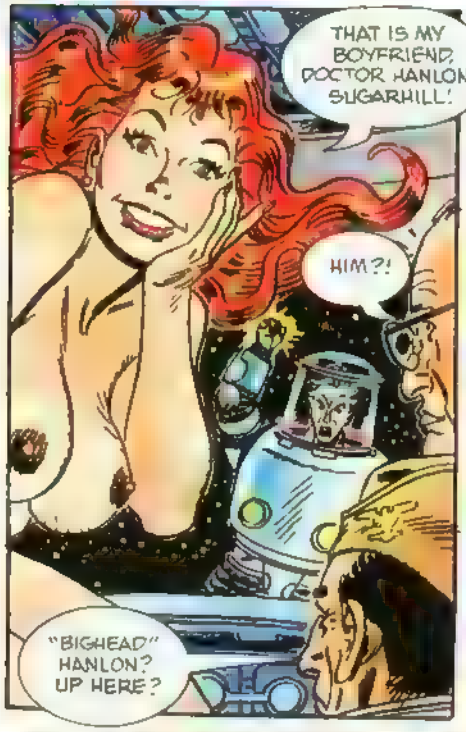


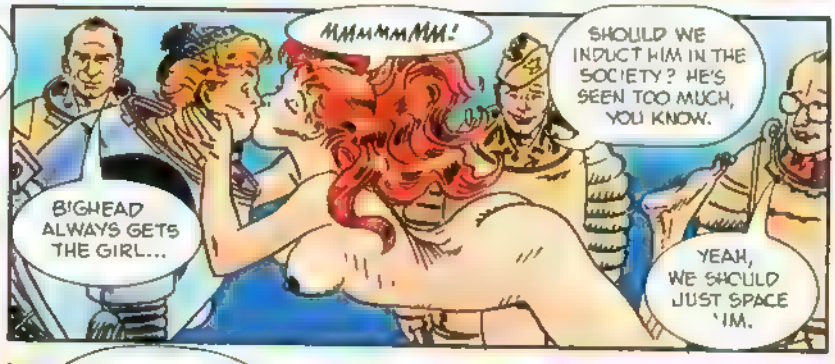
I SAY, VAL, THEY DIDN'T MENTION WHAT A BEAUTY SHE IS...


WHAT'S THAT, ARTHUR? I CAN BARELY HEAR YOU OVER THE A R HISSING!
ELEANOR
AMERICAN ROCKET SOCIETY
BRITISH INTERPLANETARY SOCIETY
NEVER MIND PULL ME IN
WHAT? WE'RE GOING TO PULL YOU IN, ARTHUR.


I'M ARTHUR CLARKE. YOU'RE LOOKING EVER SO MUCH BETTER. HAVE SOME TEA, WON'T YOU?
I'M VAL CLEAVER, AND YOUR PILOT IS CHARLES YEAGER...
CALL ME CHUCK, MA'AM
..AND YOUR CO-PILOT IS MAX FAGET.
THAT'S A SOFT 'G'—PLEASED TO SEE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, DOC.

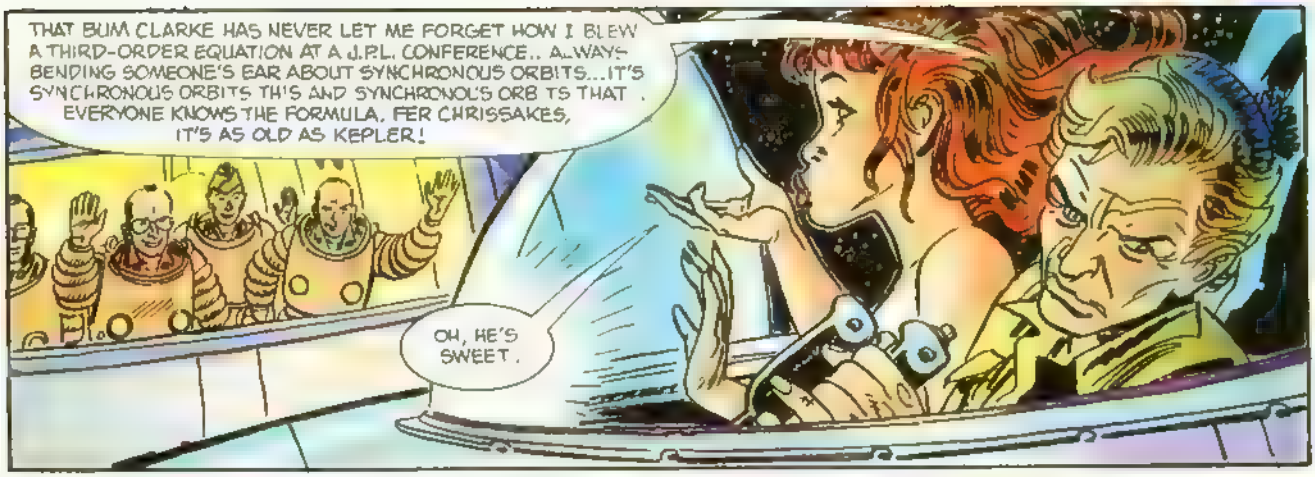
...SO YOU'RE SAYING THAT MRS. ROOSEVELT TOLD YOU TO COME AND GET ME? WHERE DID THIS SPACE SHIP COME FROM?
THE AMERICAN ROCKET SOCIETY— THAT'S MY OUTFIT— AND THE BRITISH INTERPLANETARY SOCIETY HAVE HAD A JOINT PROJECT GOING FOR A WHILE..
WE AT THE B.I.S. HAVE BEEN DESIGNING SPACESHIPS FOR YEARS, BUT BUILDING ONE.
WE MANAGED TO DRUM UP MONIES FROM VARIOUS FRIENDS AND THEN YOUR MRS. ROOSEVELT GOT INVOLVED.
TINK TINK TINK
CAN I GIVE YOU A HAND IN THIS ZERO GRAVITY, MA'AM?

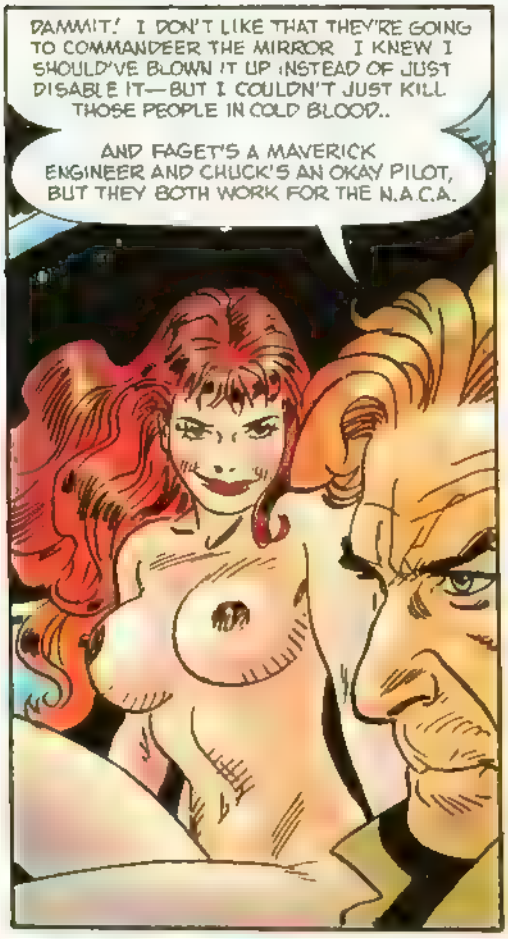

THAT IS MY BOYFRIEND, DOCTOR HANLON SUGARHILL!
HIM?!
"BIGHEAD" HANLON? UP HERE?

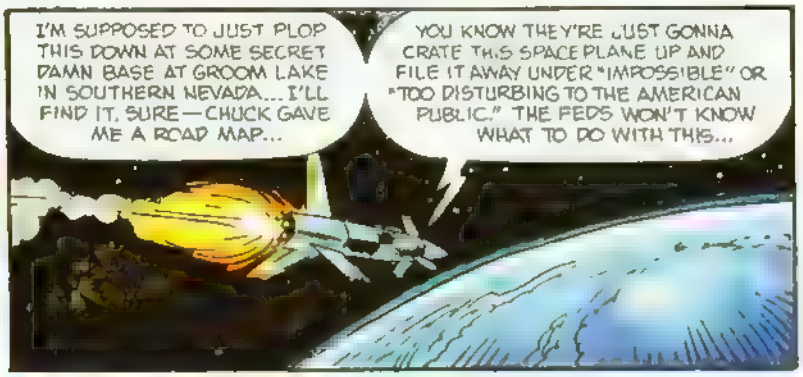

MMMMMMM!
SHOULD WE INDUCT HIM IN THE SOCIETY? HE'S SEEN TOO MUCH, YOU KNOW.
BIGHEAD ALWAYS GETS THE GIRL...
YEAH, WE SHOULD JUST SPACE 'IM.

...AND I HOPED THAT YOUR SERUM WOULD PROTECT YOU LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO TIE THEMSELVES UP— WHICH WAS TOUCHY BECAUSE I ONLY HAD ONE CARTRIDGE LEFT —THEN GET OVER TO YOU—AND WHAT DO I FIND .? ...THESE JERKS COZYING UP TO MY BEST GIRL!
HEY, BIG HEAD, YOUR KNOT-TYING IS AS GOOD AS YOUR DIFFERENTIAL INTEGRATION—

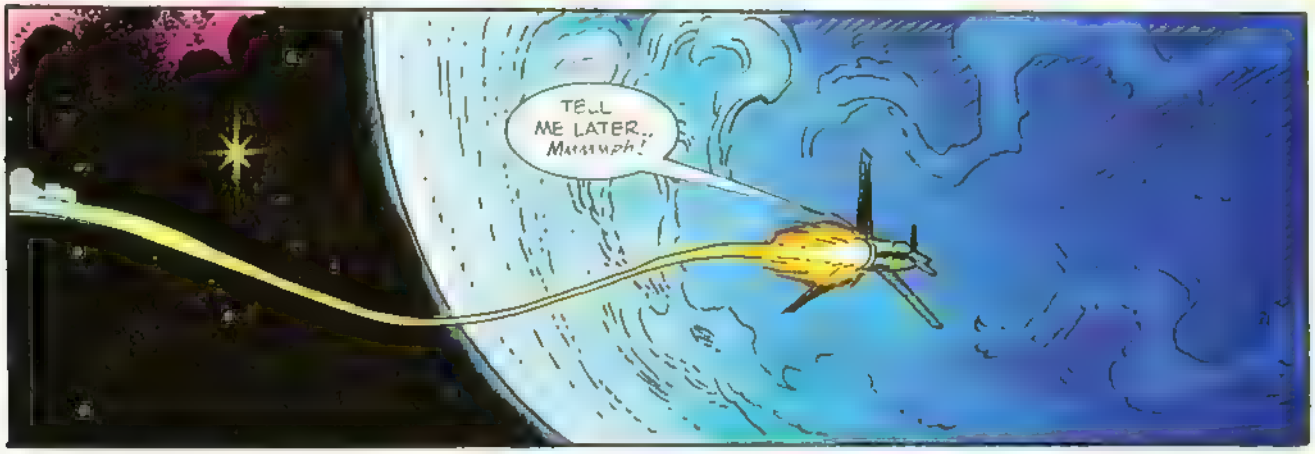
—THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!


THAT BUM CLARKE HAS NEVER LET ME FORGET HOW I BLEW A THIRD-ORDER EQUATION AT A J.P.L. CONFERENCE.. ALWAYS BENDING SOMEONE'S EAR ABOUT SYNCHRONOUS ORBITS...IT'S SYNCHRONOUS ORBITS THIS AND SYNCHRONOUS ORBITS THAT . EVERYONE KNOWS THE FORMULA, FER CHRISSAKES, IT'S AS OLD AS KEPLER!
OH, HE'S SWEET.


DAMMIT! I DON'T LIKE THAT THEY'RE GOING TO COMMANDEER THE MIRROR I KNEW I SHOULD'VE BLOWN IT UP INSTEAD OF JUST DISABLE IT—BUT I COULDN'T JUST KILL THOSE PEOPLE IN COLD BLOOD..
AND FAGET'S A MAVERICK ENGINEER AND CHUCK'S AN OKAY PILOT, BUT THEY BOTH WORK FOR THE N.A.C.A.


I'M SUPPOSED TO JUST PLOP THIS DOWN AT SOME SECRET DAMN BASE AT GROOM LAKE IN SOUTHERN NEVADA... I'LL FIND IT, SURE—CHUCK GAVE ME A ROAD MAP...
YOU KNOW THEY'RE JUST GONNA CRATE THIS SPACE PLANE UP AND FILE IT AWAY UNDER "IMPOSSIBLE" OR "TOO DISTURBING TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC." THE FEDS WON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS...

WELL, I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS
SAY, HOW DID THOSE GUYS KNOW TO CALL YOU "BIGHEAD"?
THERE'S THIS CRUMMY DIVE IN NEVADA. IT'S CHUCK'S FAVORITE PLACE, CALLED PANCHO'S, AND WELL, I GOT REALLY STEWED ONE NIGHT AND.


TELL ME LATER.. Mmmmph!

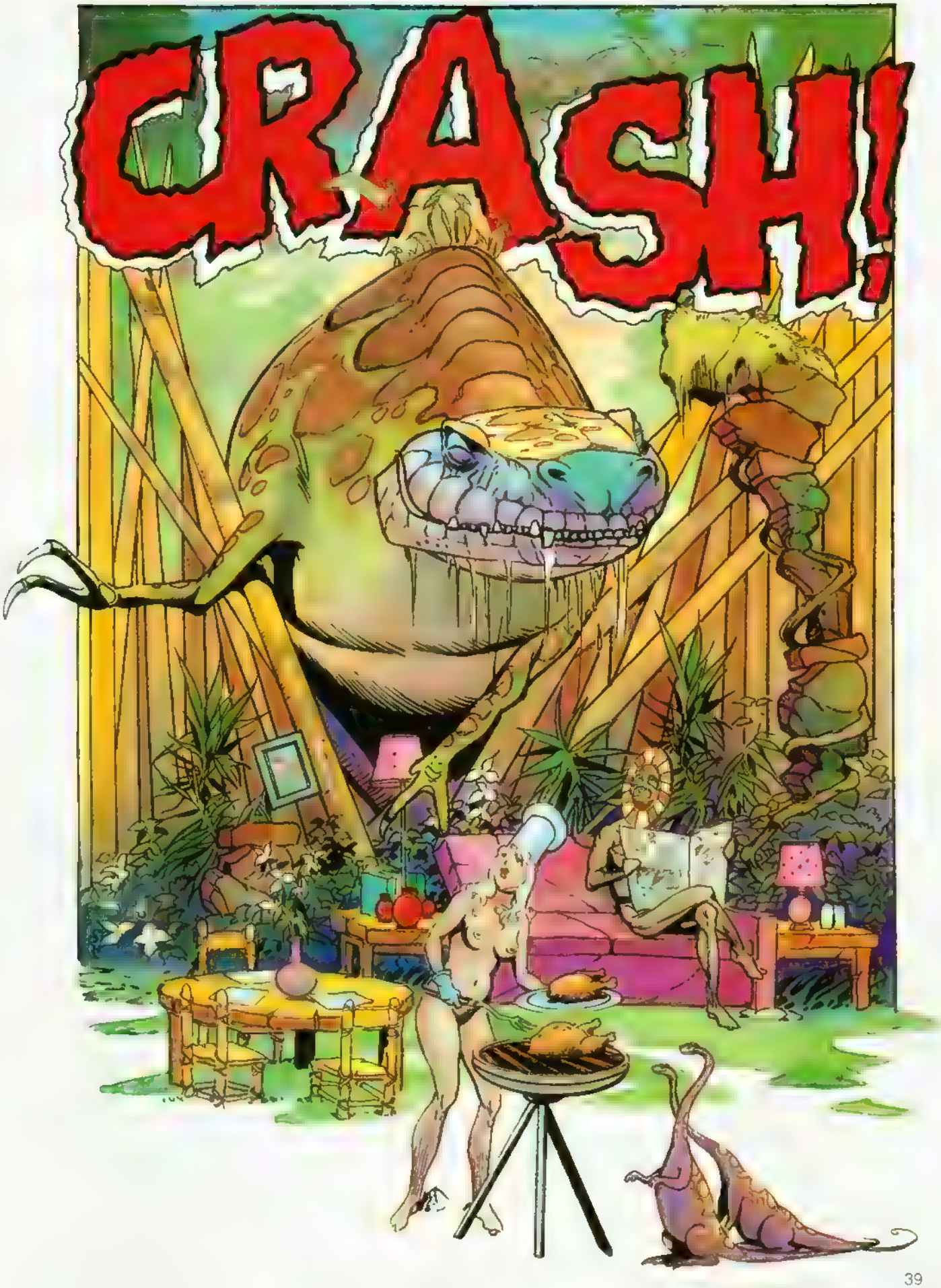
THE END!

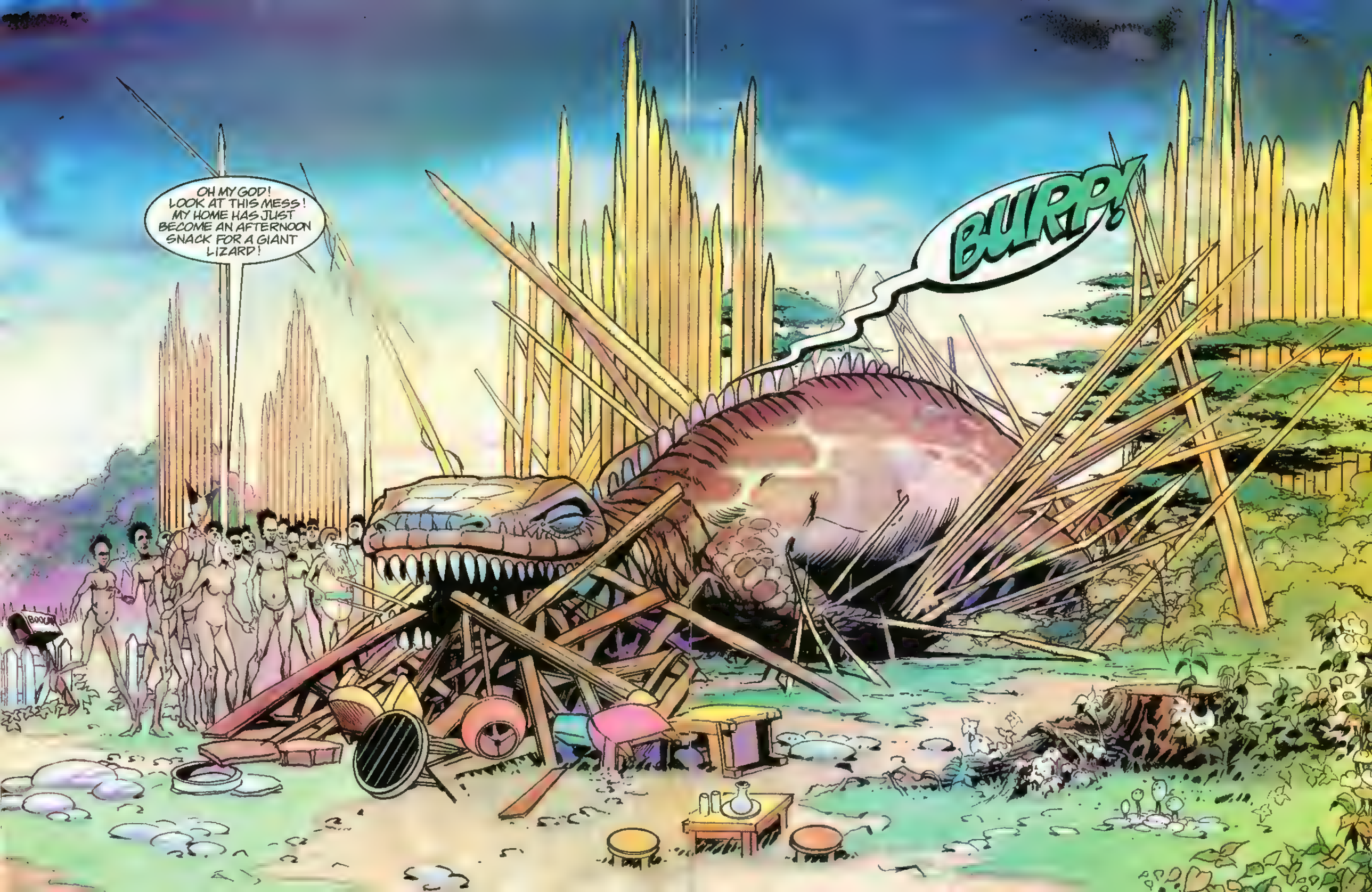
Libby in the Lost World

Episode 7: We the People

Story & Art: A. SUYDAM
Letters: V. WILLIAMS

Libby Eisenfeld is shallow, simplistic, greedy, childish, captious, but mostly curvaceous, and that is why anybody puts up with her. While on her way to marry a very ugly but quite rich man, their plane goes down on a mysterious island. Libby's life of rich leisure vanishes as easily as her fiancé's entrails down a lizard's throat. But Libby uses the combat tactics acquired during one-day sales at Tiffany's to kill a rampaging tyrannosaurus rex, which convinces her attacking jungle friends that she is a blonde goddess! Libby chooses as her jungle mate a fellow who she playfully calls Ugah Boogah. Enjoy a tale of jungle angst as Libby loses one of the most important things in her, or any woman's life!


CRASH!


OH MY GOD! LOOK AT THIS MESS! MY HOME HAS JUST BECOME AN AFTERNOON SNACK FOR A GIANT LIZARD!
BLURPP!

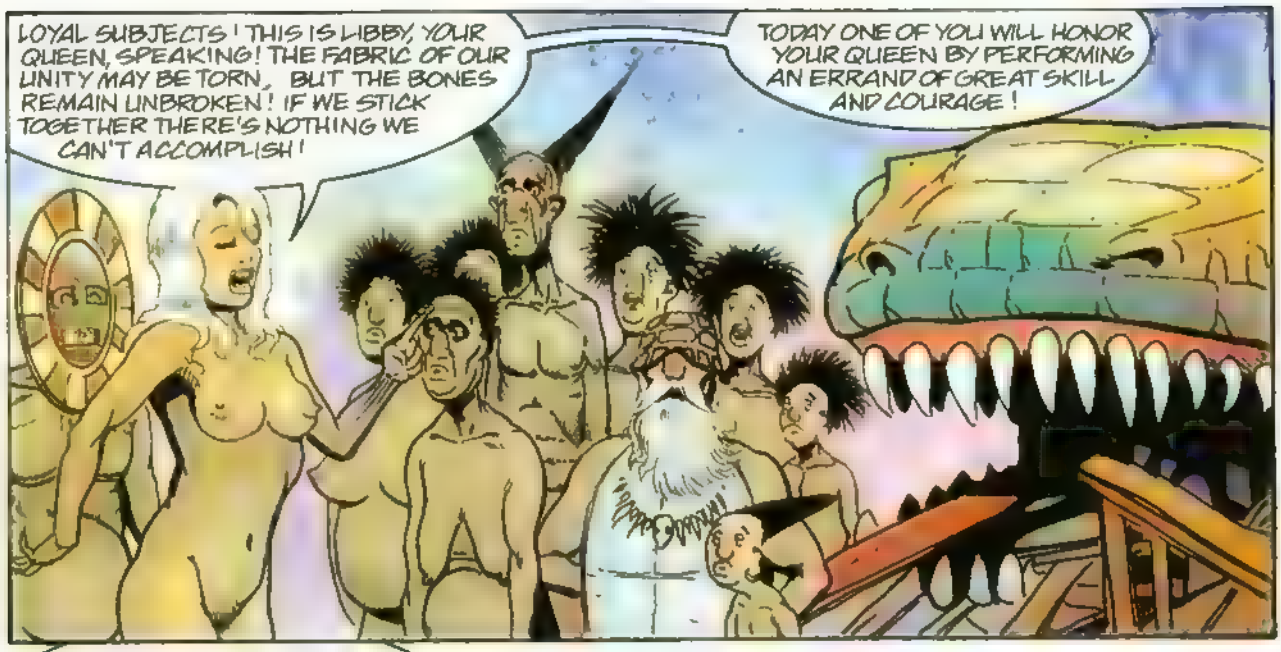
SIGH!!
THE LAMP THE SOFA ALL MY BEAUTIFUL THINGS! GONE!

ALRIGHT, SO SHOOT ME ALREADY! HOW WAS I TO KNOW MY SUNDAY AFTERNOON BARBECUE WOULD ATTRACT STRAGGLERS FROM THE ANNUAL T-REX MIGRATION?
...BESIDES, DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, UGAH BOOGAH. I'VE GOT TO FIND MY OTHER SHOE!

...IT'S GOT TO BE HERE SOMEWHERE

it's not here

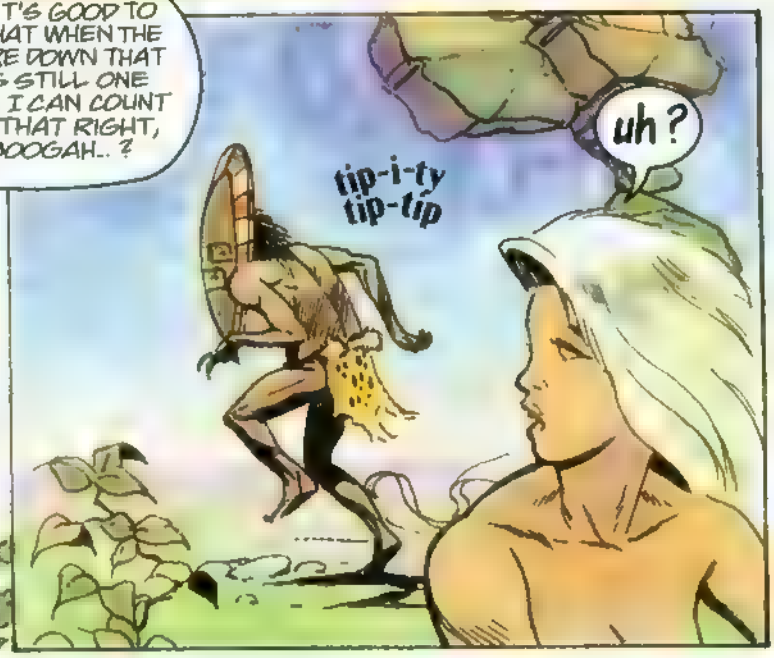
ARG!
MY SHOE! HE ATE IT!
KILL ME NOW! I CAN'T GO ON!
BAWL!
?!!
?!!
?!!
FIBBA BLIBBA FLOOT ZOOT
SOB! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, UGAH BOOGAH! THOSE WERE BRUNO MAGLI ORIGINALS, THE POSHEST FOOTWEAR ON THE PLANET! I SCRIMPED AND SAVED FOR WEEKS JUST TO BE ABLE TO AFFORD THEM AND NOW THEY'RE GONE!
WHAT'S LIFE WITHOUT THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE WORTH LIVING? A SHOE IS A WOMAN'S CONNECTION TO SISTER EARTH; SOMETHING A MAN AND HIS BOOTS COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND. IT IS IN THE CHOOSING OF FINE FOOTWEAR THAT A WOMAN DEFINES HERSELF, AND...
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT AM I GETTING SO UPSET ABOUT? I'M LIBBY! QUEEN OF THE LOST LAND!
WHAT A JERK I AM! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?
...SOMEONE IS JUST GOING TO HAVE TO GO IN THERE AND GET THAT SHOE, THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!


LOYAL SUBJECTS! THIS IS LIBBY, YOUR QUEEN, SPEAKING! THE FABRIC OF OUR UNITY MAY BE TORN, BUT THE BONES REMAIN UNBROKEN! IF WE STICK TOGETHER THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN'T ACCOMPLISH!
TODAY ONE OF YOU WILL HONOR YOUR QUEEN BY PERFORMING AN ERRAND OF GREAT SKILL AND COURAGE!

NOW LET'S KEEP THE SELECTION PROCESS ORDERLY, NO PUSHING OR SHOVING! FORM A LINE, MEN!

HUH? WHERE ARE THEY GOING?

HMPH!
GO ON, RUN, YOU BUNCH'A 'FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS'!
SIGH! IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THAT WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN THAT THERE'S STILL ONE PERSON I CAN COUNT ON, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, UGAH BOOGAH..?


tip-i-ty tip-tip
uh?

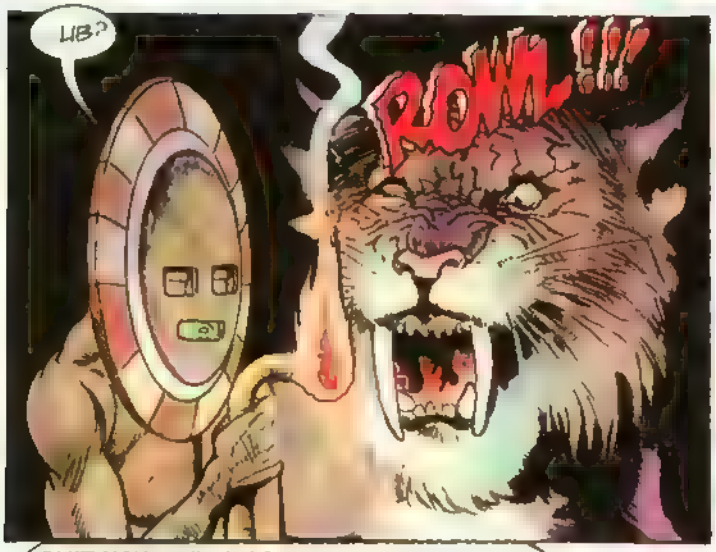
YOO-BAH BAH-BOO-BAH! YOO-BAH BAH-BOO-BAH!
UMPH!
COME ON, YOU BIG SISSY IF I'M GOING IN THERE, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
I MEAN, HOW HARD CAN IT BE TO FIND ONE SHOE, ANYWAY!?
UB! UB! UB! UB!
SCRATCHA!
SKRITCHA! SCRATCH!
BESIDES...THESE THINGS SLEEP FOR HOURS AFTER A BIG MEAL WE'LL BE IN AND OUT OF THERE IN NO TIME AT ALL
whine! whimper! whine! whimper!
HERE WE GO, UGAH BOOGAH NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW!

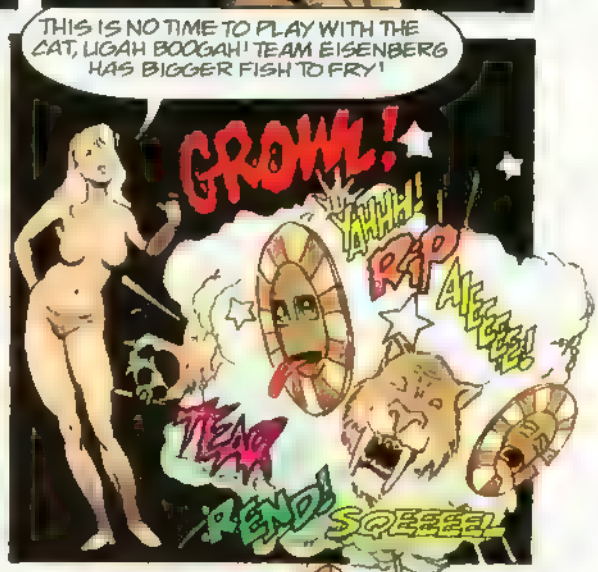
CONTINUED AFTER 2nd FOLLOWING PAGE

...OOOPS!
HEH! HEH!
mumble grumble
NOT TO WORRY, UGAH BOOGAH! I BROUGHT ALONG SOME MATCHES JUST FOR SUCH AN OCCASION! LOOK AROUND, SEE IF YOU CAN FIND SOMETHING TO BURN
THERE'S GOT TO BE
HEL-LO!
WHAT'S THIS?
HERE! HOLD IT WHILE I LIGHT THE MATCH!
FLICK! SNIK!
THERE. THAT'S BETTER!
FLOOSH!

C'MON, UGAH BOOGAH. QUIT WASTING TIME WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT SHOE!
UMPH!
YANK!

UMPH! UMPH! UMPH! UMPH!
YANK! YANK! YANK! YANK!


UB?
ROWL!!!

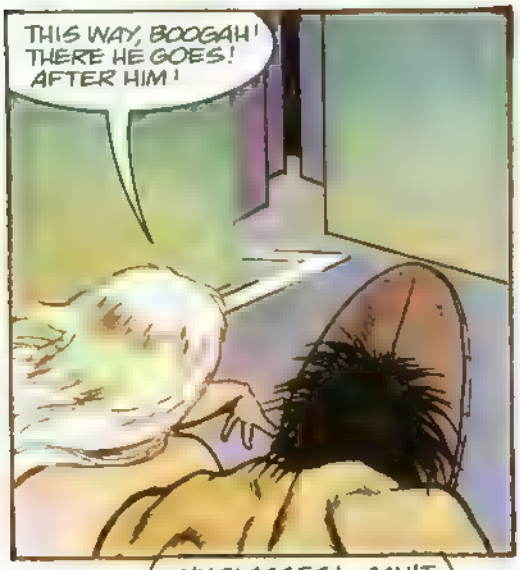

THIS IS NO TIME TO PLAY WITH THE CAT, UGAH BOOGAH! TEAM EISENBERG HAS BIGGER FISH TO FRY!
GROWL!
YAHH!
RIP
ALEEEEE!
TEAR
REND!
SQEEEE!

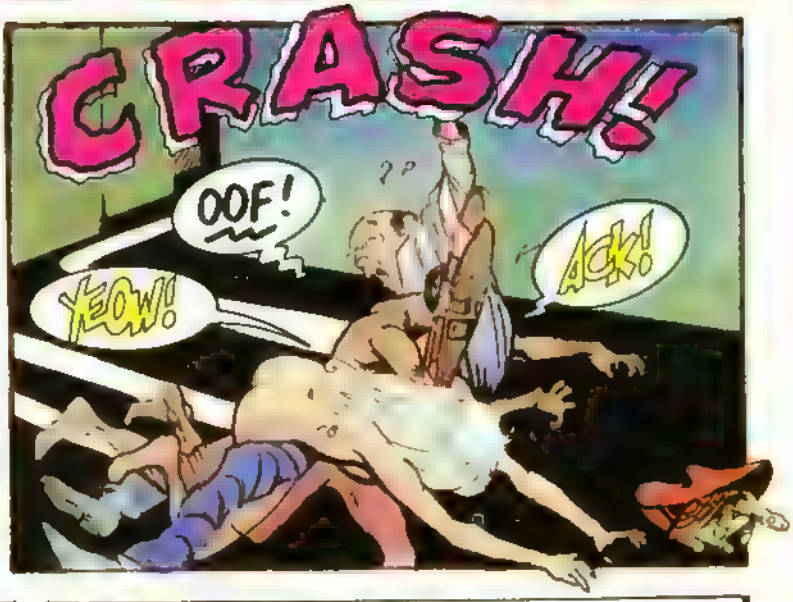
QUIT MONKEYING AROUND AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! THAT SHOE'S GOT TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!
MO-O-OANNN!

OH, MY GOD! LOOK, UGAH BOOGAH! THAT TURTLE! HE'S GOT MY BRUNO MAGLI ORIGINAL!
?!!
WOOOSH!

HUFF! PUFF!
WOW! LOOK AT HIM GO! I NEVER KNEW THESE THINGS COULD MOVE SO FAST!

HUFF! PUFF!
FASTER, UGAH BOOGAH! HE'S GETTING AWAY!


THIS WAY, BOOGAH! THERE HE GOES! AFTER HIM!


CRASH!
OOF!
YEOW!
ACK!

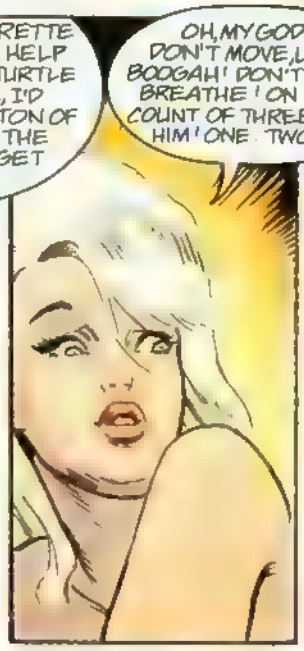
MY GLASSES!.. CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT MY GLASSES!
HEY! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?!!

THERE.. THAT'S BETTER! OUTSIDERS, UH? WE GET 'EM FROM TIME TO TIME! MY NAME IS OOPS! HEH-HEH! ALMOST SLIPPED THAT TIME.. CAN'T TELL YOU MY NAME. A NAME CAN BE LINKED TO NUMBERS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. ONE DAY EVERYTHING'S FINE... NEXT THING YOU KNOW THEY'RE ADDING UP PENALTIES . SEIZING PROPERTY.. APRIL 15TH! I HAD TO GET OUT! THEY WERE AFTER ME! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! AT LEAST I'M SAFE IN HERE, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

I WAS ON MY WAY TO BRAZIL WHEN MY PLANE CALIGHT ENGINE TROUBLE AND WENT DOWN I THREW UP A PRETTY GOOD CHASE, BUT OL' T-REX HERE.. WELL, ONCE HE SETS HIS MIND ON SOMETHING, HE'S JUST GOTTA HAVE IT! WHAT YEAR IS IT ANYHOW ?
IT'S 1996 !
PHEW! TIME SURE FLIES! YOU FOLKS CARE FOR A DRINK ? I GOT JACK DANIELS! YOU NAME IT, I GOT IT. THESE BIG LIZARDS WILL EAT JUST ABOUT ANYTHING !

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN DOWN HERE ? HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO GET OUT ?
WHAT FOR ? ... GOT A FULL BAR AND MY 78's RECORD COLLECTION TO KEEP ME COMPANY ! BUT MOSTLY I GOT PEACE OF MIND ! WOULDN'T TRADE IT FOR ANYTHING IN THE WORLD! GOT A SMOKE ? I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR A CIGARETTE !

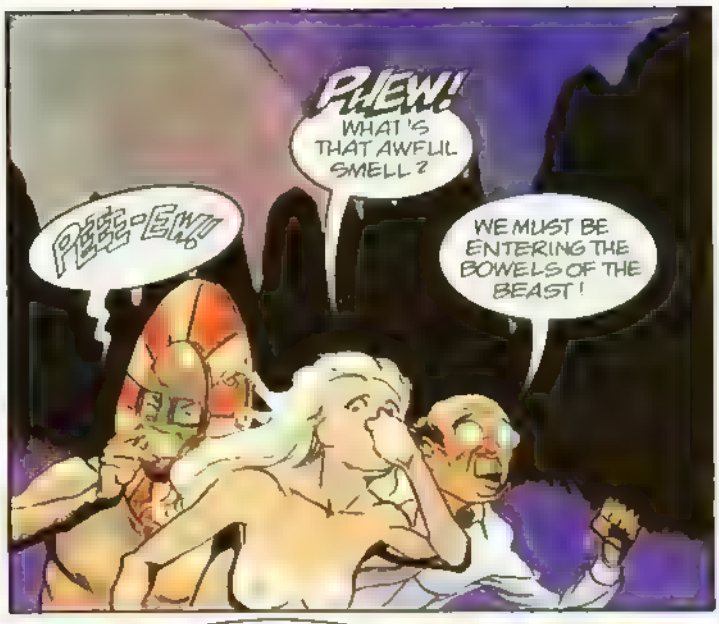
I DON'T HAVE A CIGARETTE WITH ME, BUT IF YOU HELP US FIND THE LITTLE TURTLE THAT'S GOT MY SHOE, I'D GLADLY SEND A CARTON OF CIGARETTES DOWN THE PIPELINE WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE.
YOU MEAN, LIKE THE ONE STANDING THERE BESIDE YOU, MISSY ?


OH, MY GOD! DON'T MOVE, UGAH BOOGAH! DON'T EVEN BREATHE ! ON THE COUNT OF THREE, GRAB HIM ! ONE . TWO

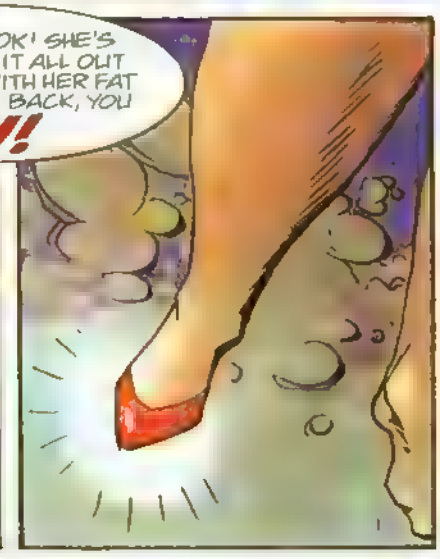
THREE !
OOF!
UF!
OH DEAR !

COME BACK HERE, YOU LITTLE *%#@* !!!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, MISSY !

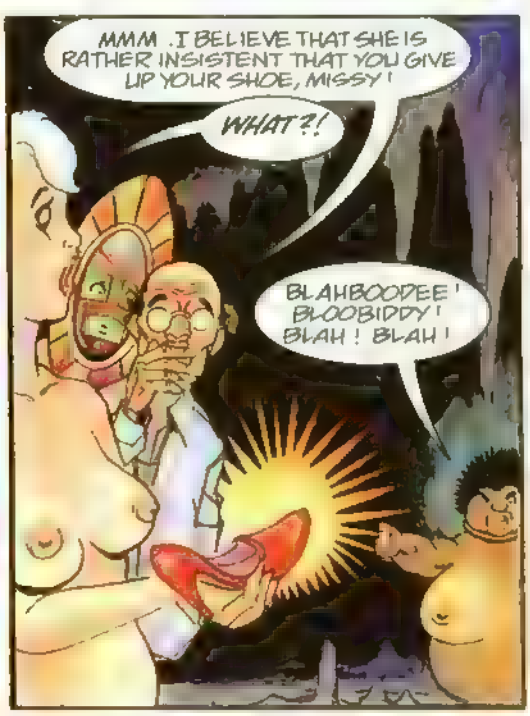
I'VE GOT TO GET THAT SHOE BACK! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!
DON'T YOU WORRY, MISSY! FOR A PACK OF SMOKES, I'D HELP YOU CATCH MOBY DICK!
LIBBA ZOOT!


PHEW!
WHAT'S THAT AWFUL SMELL?
PEE-EW!
WE MUST BE ENTERING THE BOWELS OF THE BEAST!

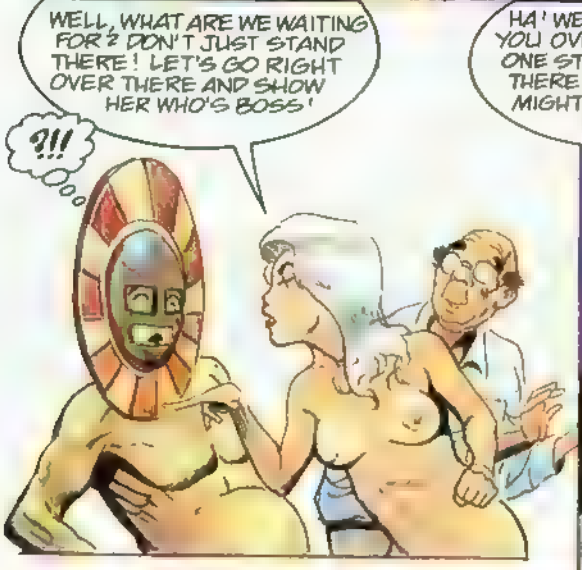
OH NO! IT'S BIG KATE! WHAT A BRUTE!
AND SHE'S WEARING MY SHOE!
GRRR! LOOK! SHE'S STRETCHING IT ALL OUT OF SHAPE WITH HER FAT FOOT! GIVE IT BACK, YOU COW!

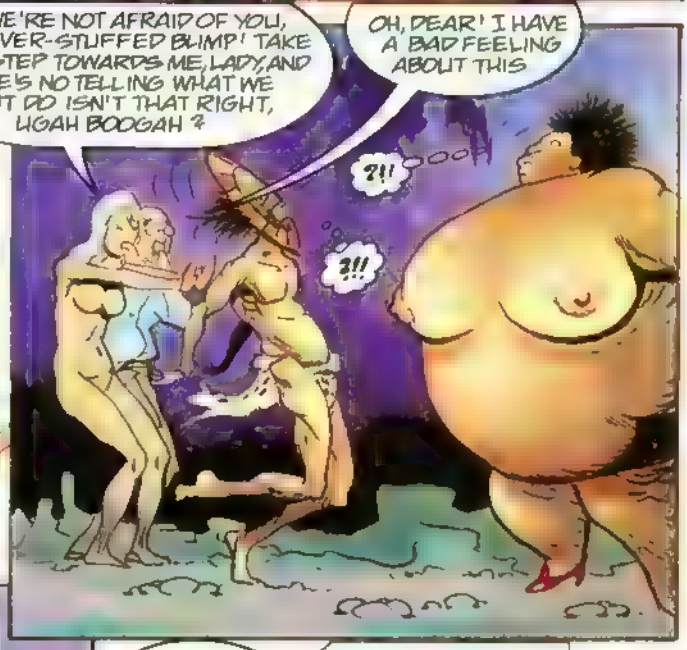


BLAHBOODEE! BLOOBIDDY!
BLAH! BLAH!


MMM. I BELIEVE THAT SHE IS RATHER INSISTENT THAT YOU GIVE UP YOUR SHOE, MISSY!
WHAT?!
BLAHBOODEE! BLOOBIDDY! BLAH! BLAH!

NO WAY, JOSE! THIS SHOE GOES WITH ME TO THE GRAVE!
HMMMM! THIS DOES PRESENT A PROBLEM!
GRRRR!


WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? DON'T JUST STAND THERE! LET'S GO RIGHT OVER THERE AND SHOW HER WHO'S BOSS!
?!!


HA! WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF YOU, YOU OVER-STUFFED BLIMP! TAKE ONE STEP TOWARDS ME, LADY, AND THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WE MIGHT DO ISN'T THAT RIGHT, UGAH BOOGAH?
OH, DEAR! I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS
?!!
?!!

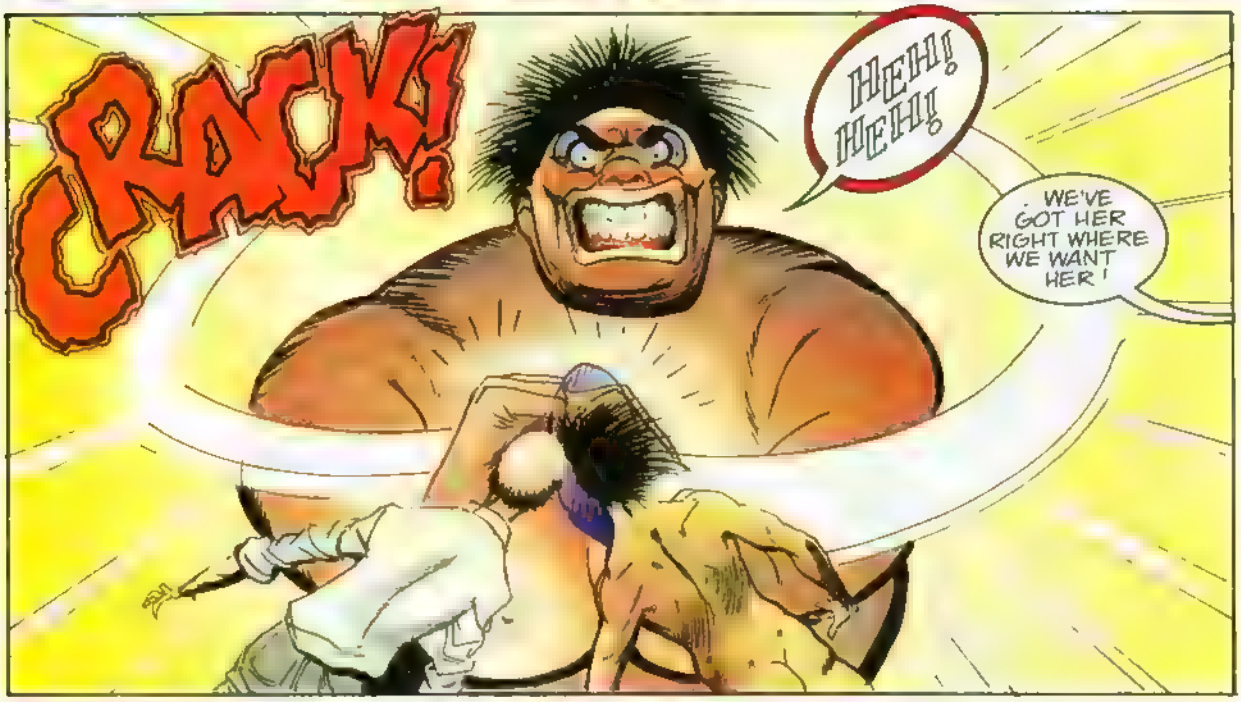
THAT'S IT, UGAH BOOGAH! GET IN THERE! ASSERT YOURSELF!
WE'VE GOT HER OUTNUMBERED! IF WE STICK TOGETHER, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN'T ACCOMPLISH!
...THINK I FOLLOW YOU, MISSY... TEAM-WORK!
BLAH BID-DY BLOO BLAH BLAH!

I CAN SEE MY ASSISTANCE IS REQUIRED
SIGH! HERE GOES NOTHING
WHAM!

TAKE THAT! AND THAT! AND THAT AND THAT! UNHAND MY FRIEND, YOU BRUTE!
UH?
gak!
FUD! FUD! FUD! FUD!

WITH ME HERE TO GUIDE US, WE CAN'T GO WRONG!
NIBBET!
WHOAA, NELLIE!

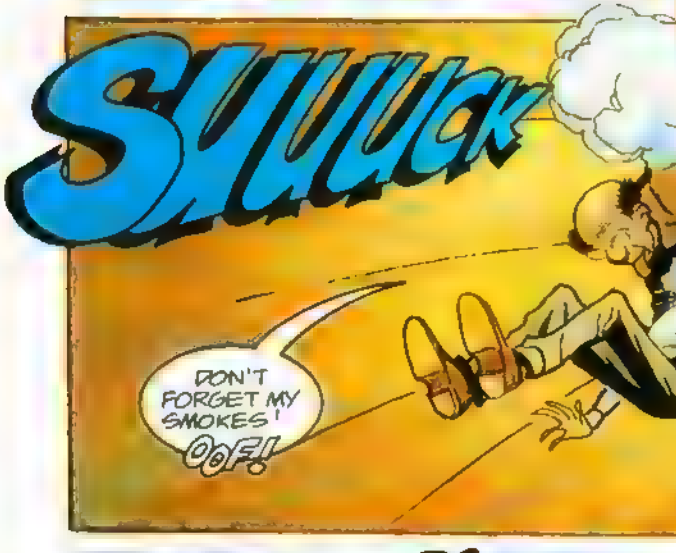
THAT'S IT, MEN! WEAR HER DOWN, SHE'S BEGINNING TO TIRE!
YI!
YI!
YI!
YI!
YI!
SPUT! COUGH! CHOKE!
ZIPPIT!


CRACK!
HEH! HEH!
WE'VE GOT HER RIGHT WHERE WE WANT HER!

ALRIGHT, BIG KATE! I CAN SEE THAT DIPLOMACY IS FUTILE! YOU LEAVE US NO CHOICE BUT TO RESORT TO VIOLENCE!
GAK! SPUT! CHOKE!
MOAN!
PUNT
OOG!
oh, dear!
THAT'S IT! LET HER HAVE IT, UGAH BOOGAH!
RUMBLE RUMBLE
RUMBLE
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? FEELS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!
ALL THIS COMMOTION IS GIVING THE T-REX INDIGESTION! BETTER RUN FOR COVER!
UH!
UB?!!
ULP! IT'S TOO LATE! WE'RE BEING SWEPT AWAY!
YAAAAH!
NNAAAAH!
?!!!
WOOOOOOOOSH!

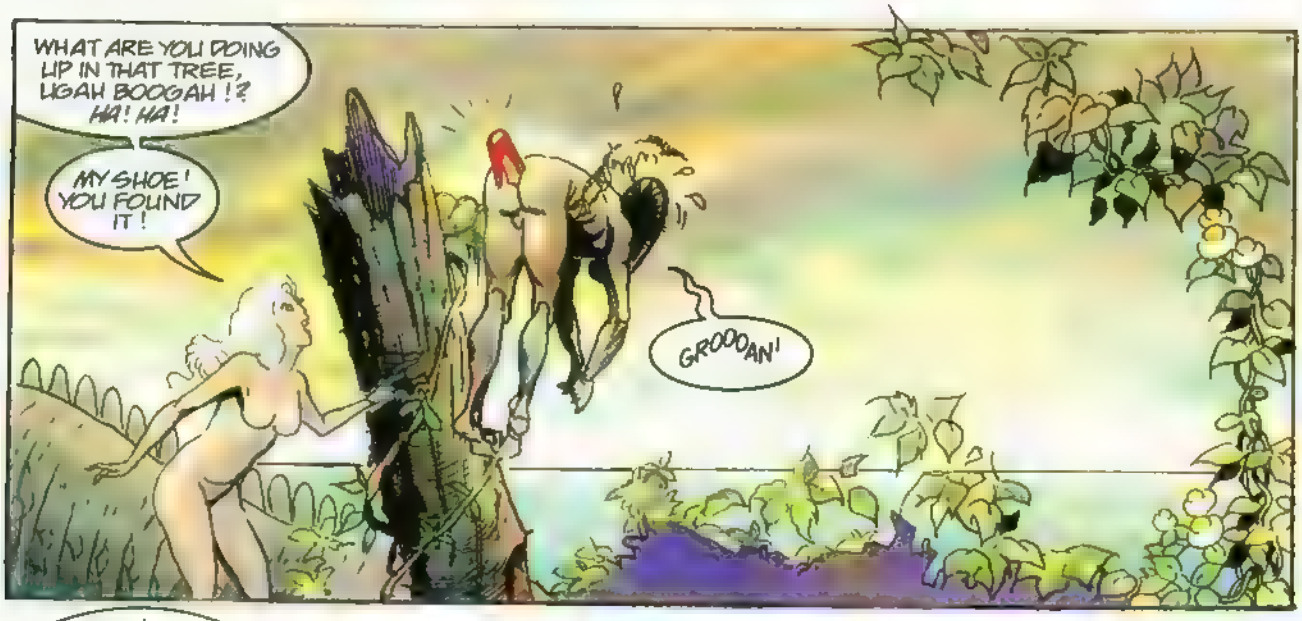
WHINE!
UP AHEAD! THAT LIGHT!
WE MUST BE COMING TO THE END OF THE LINE! YOU GO AHEAD, MISSY! I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE IT

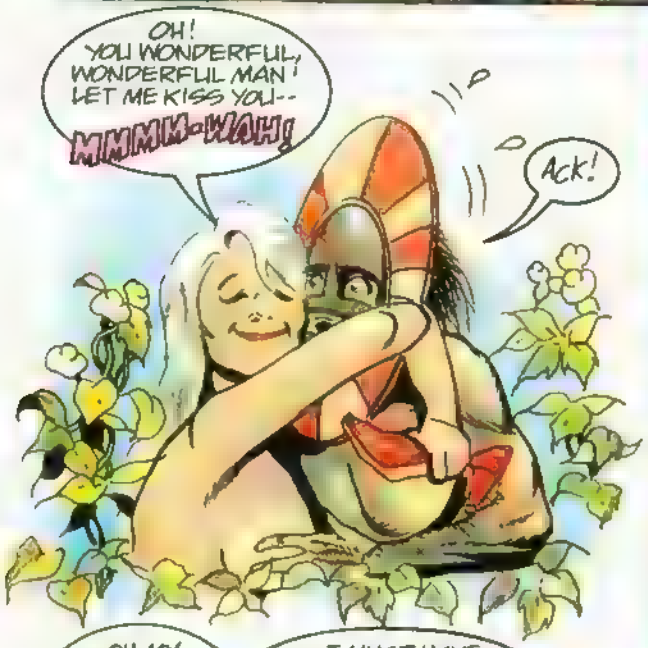
VOOP!
OOG!


SLLLLCK
DON'T FORGET MY SMOKES!
OOF!

POOT!
POOT!
UB!
YEOW!

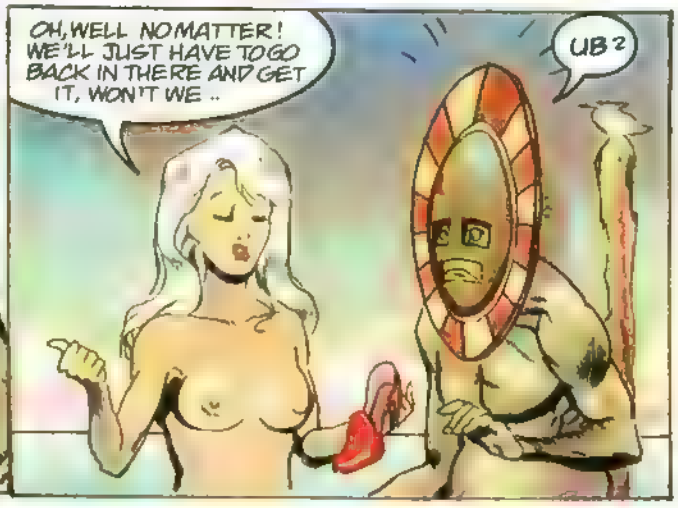
OH, MY GOD! WE MADE IT! WE'RE OUT! PHEW! WHAT AN ADVENTURE, UGAH BOOGAH!
MOANNN!

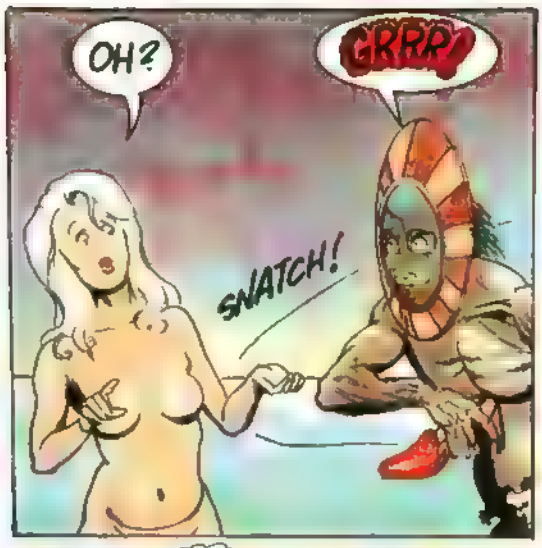

WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP IN THAT TREE, UGAH BOOGAH !? HA! HA!
MY SHOE! YOU FOUND IT!
GROOOAN!

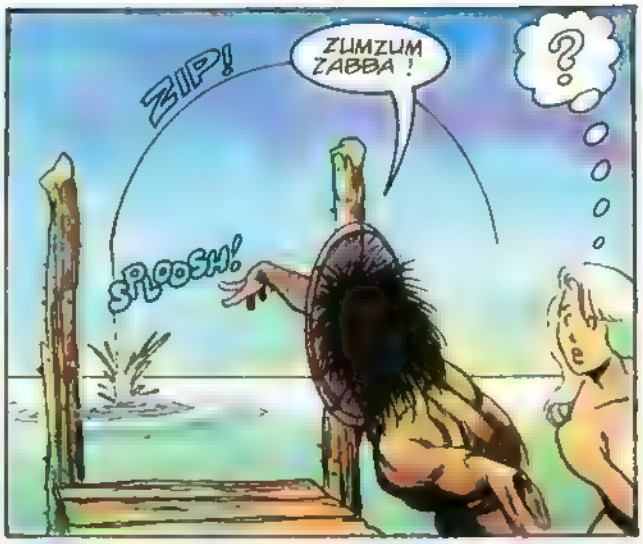

OH! YOU WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL MAN! LET ME KISS YOU--
MMMM-WAH!
Ack!

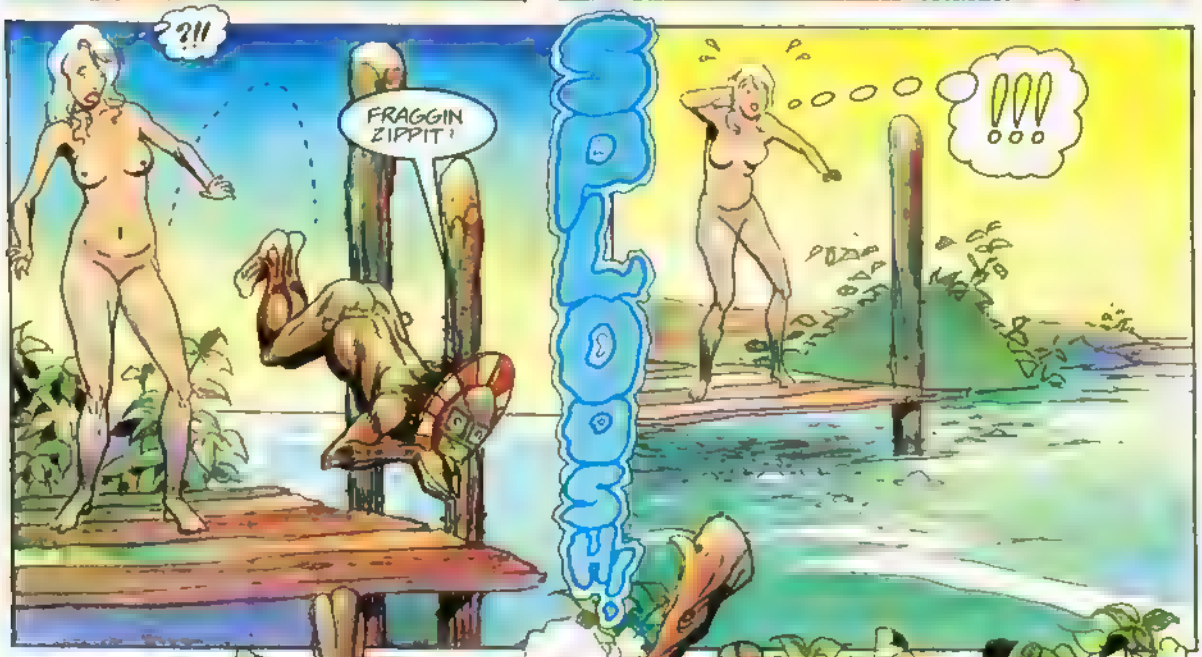
SEE, UGAH BOOGAH? THAT WAS NOT SO BAD, WAS IT? WE GOT MY SHOE AND..
...

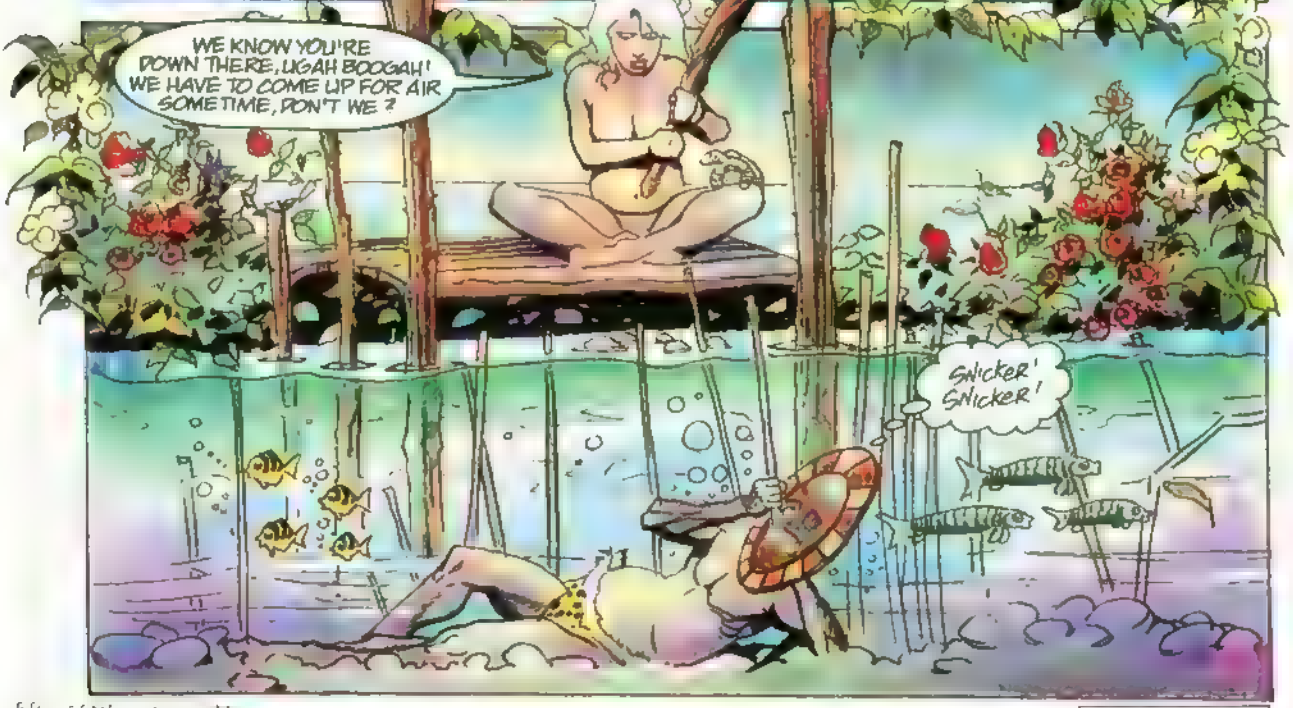
OH, MY GOD! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY OTHER SHOE?!
I MUST HAVE DROPPED IT IN THE CONFUSION! OH, DEAR! THIS IS AWFUL!
UH?


OH, WELL NO MATTER! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GO BACK IN THERE AND GET IT, WON'T WE..
UB?


OH?
GRRR!
SNATCH!


ZIP!
ZUMZUM ZABBA!
?
SPLOOSH!


?!!
FRAGGIN ZIPPIT!
SPLOOSH!
!!!


WE KNOW YOU'RE DOWN THERE, UGAH BOOGAH! WE HAVE TO COME UP FOR AIR SOMETIME, DON'T WE?
SNICKER! SNICKER!

THE END!

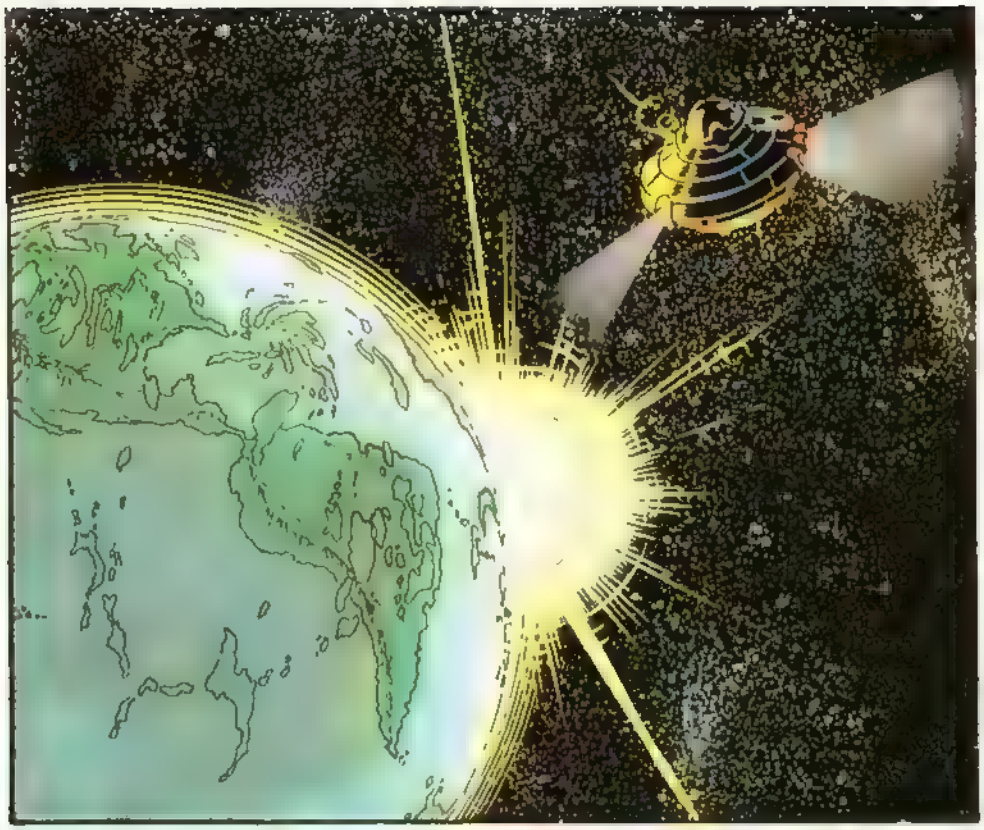
Episode 3:
TO LIVE AND LET DI!

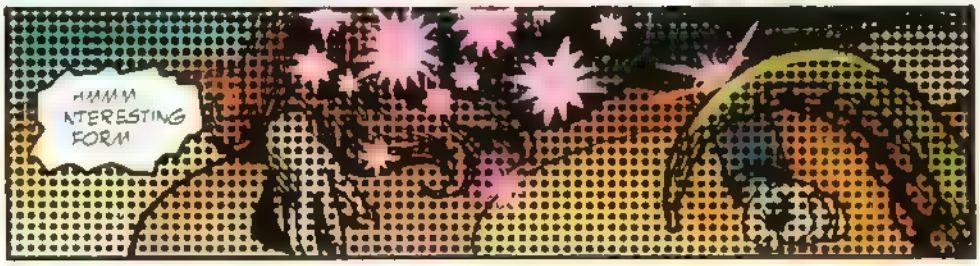
OUR STORY THUS FAR:

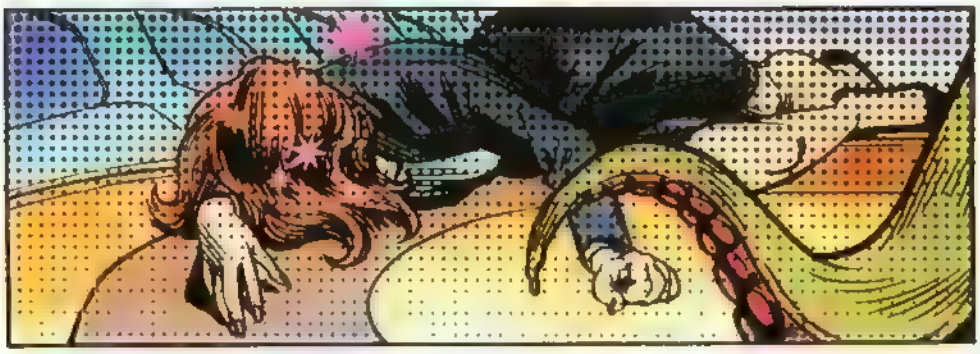
Is "tabloid journalism" an oxymoron? Our crack reporter, Rebecca Stori — always on the yellow rag — doesn't think so. Her work for the Weekly World Enquirer stands out for its boldness even within that field. Her exposé on the UFO abduction of Princess Di has landed her in hot water with the FBI! Special Agents Elke and Waterman from the Bureau's Department of Things We Can't Understand are hot on Stori's and her boyfriend Chive's asses. It seems that the abductees are being replaced with duplicates. In order to prevent that happening to very important people — like the President's ex-Penthouse Pet wife — Elke and Waterman are assigned to protect Di, and they have some great ideas about what "protecting" means! Now if only Waterman could "protect" Elke the way she deserves — UFOs over the White House? Normally not a good sign.

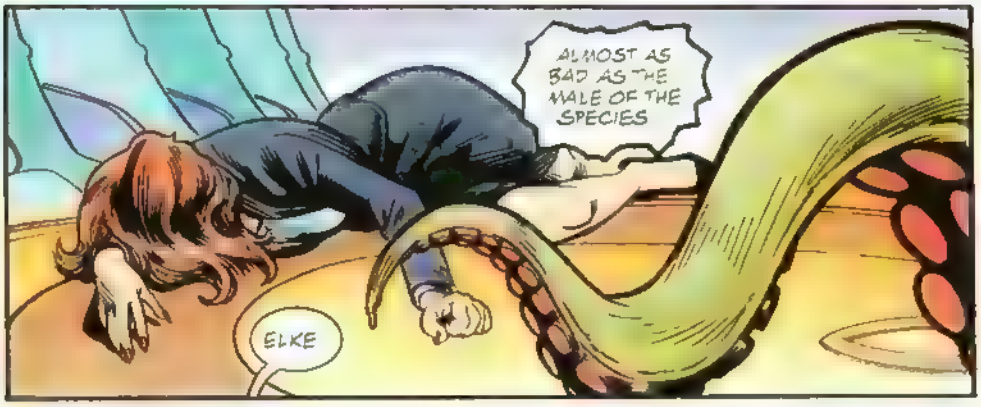
WRITTEN BY: DAVE ELLIOTT
PENCILS: JEFF JOHNSON
INKS: SCOTT KOLINS (pgs. 1-6)
RICK BRYANT (pgs. 7-16)
COLORS: SUYDAM STUDIOS
LETTERS: KEN LOPEZ

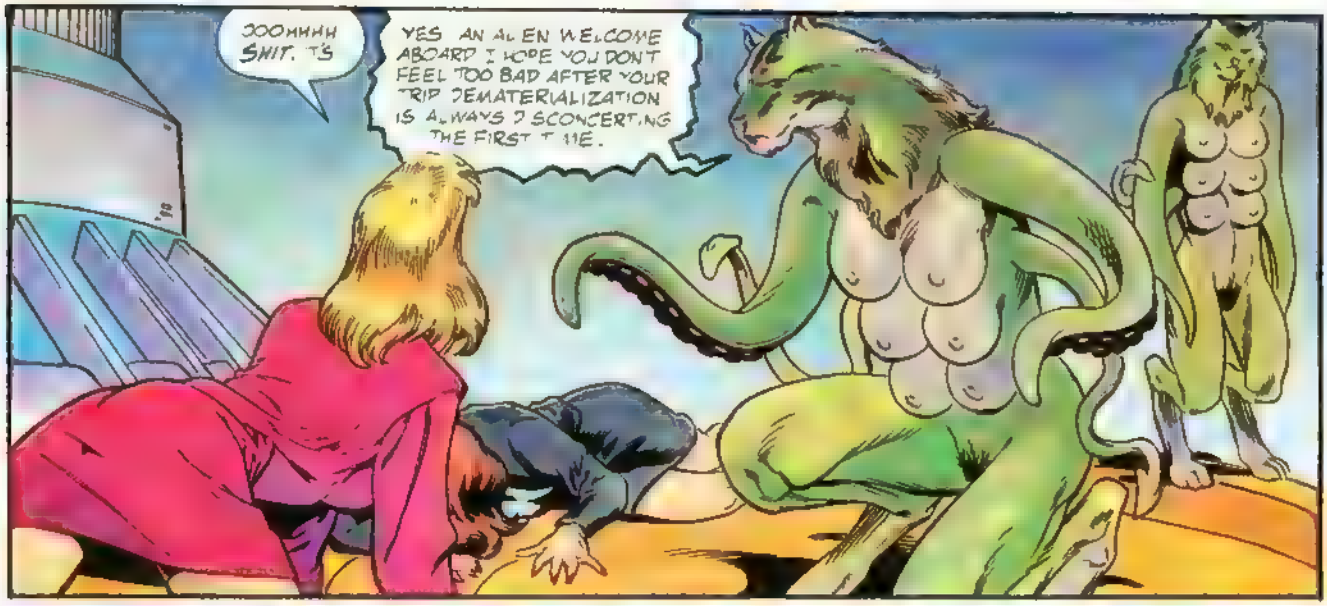
OH MY
OH YOU REALLY OUGHT NOT TO TELL US ABOUT THE OTHER GUESTS
I KNOW HOW TO MAKE UP FOR IT. WHY DON'T I CALL AND WE'LL GO UP TO VISIT THEM?
ELSE IF YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS ABOUT GETTING AWAY.
NOW IS THE TIME TO TELL ME
TOO LATE

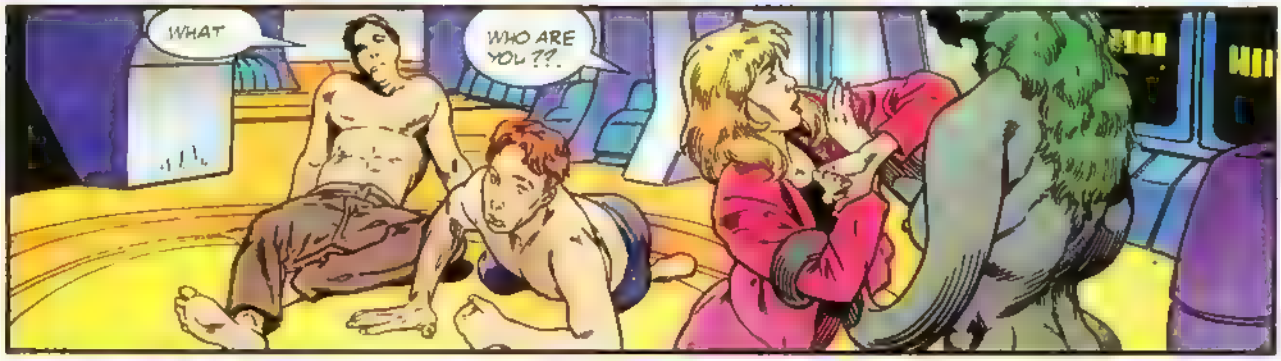


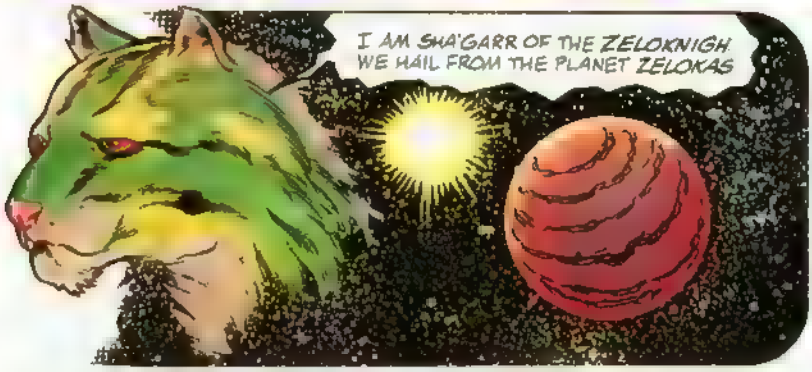

HMMM
NTERESTING
FORM

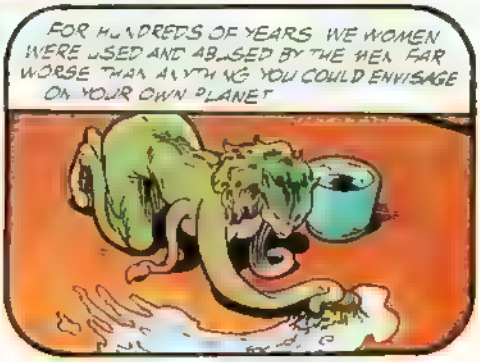



ALMOST AS
BAD AS THE
MALE OF THE
SPECIES
ELKE


OOOHHHH SHIT. IT'S
YES AN ALIEN WELCOME ABOARD I HOPE YOU DON'T FEEL TOO BAD AFTER YOUR TRIP DEMATERIALIZATION IS ALWAYS DISCONCERTING THE FIRST TIME.

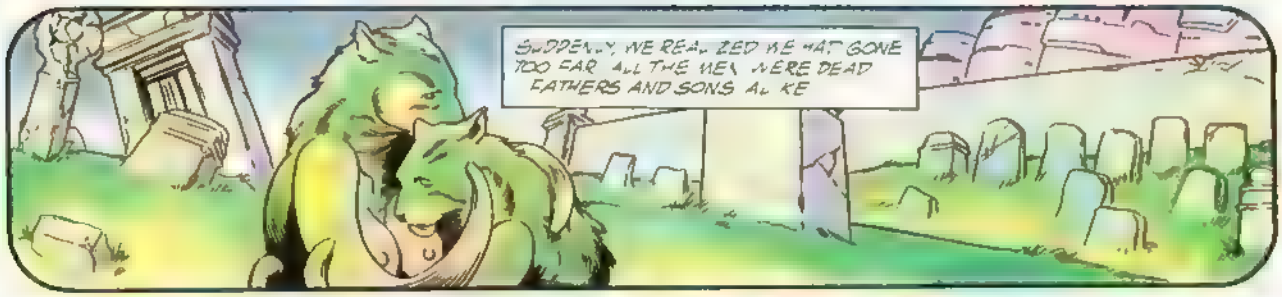

WHAT
WHO ARE YOU ??.

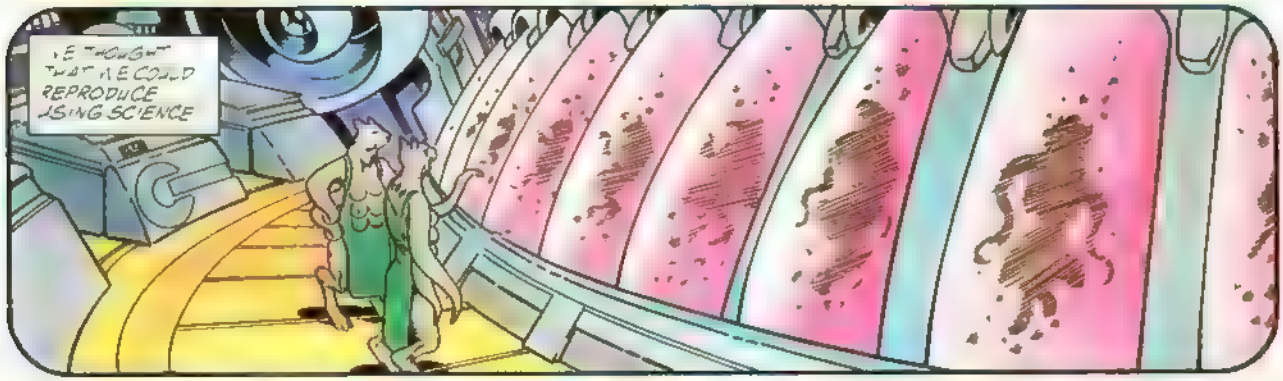

I AM SHA'GARR OF THE ZELOKNIGH WE HAIL FROM THE PLANET ZELOKAS

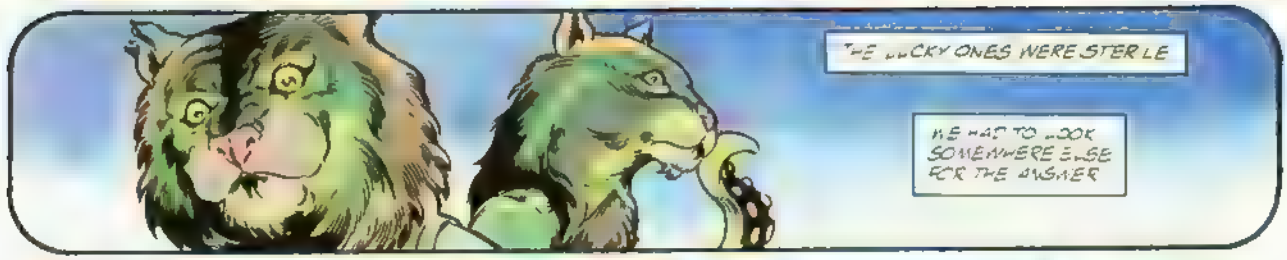

FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS WE WOMEN WERE USED AND ABUSED BY THE MEN FAR WORSE THAN ANYTHING YOU COULD ENVISAGE ON YOUR OWN PLANET

THEN WE TURNED THE TABLES ON THEM IF YOU CAN IMAGINE ALL THOSE YEARS OF TORTURE SUDDENLY GIVEN RELEASE AND FORM.

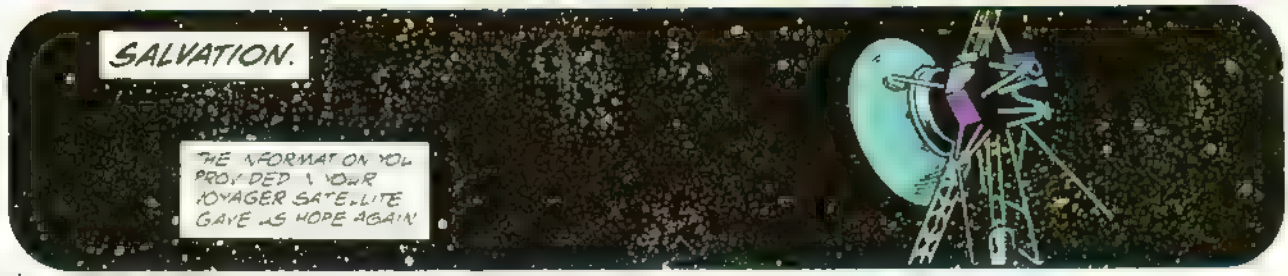
IT WAS DISGUSTING OUR FURY WOULD KNOW NO LIMITS BLE FOR SO MANY YEARS THEY FELL EASILY


SUDDENLY WE REALIZED WE HAD GONE TOO FAR ALL THE MEN WERE DEAD FATHERS AND SONS ALIKE


WE THOUGHT THAT WE COULD REPRODUCE USING SCIENCE

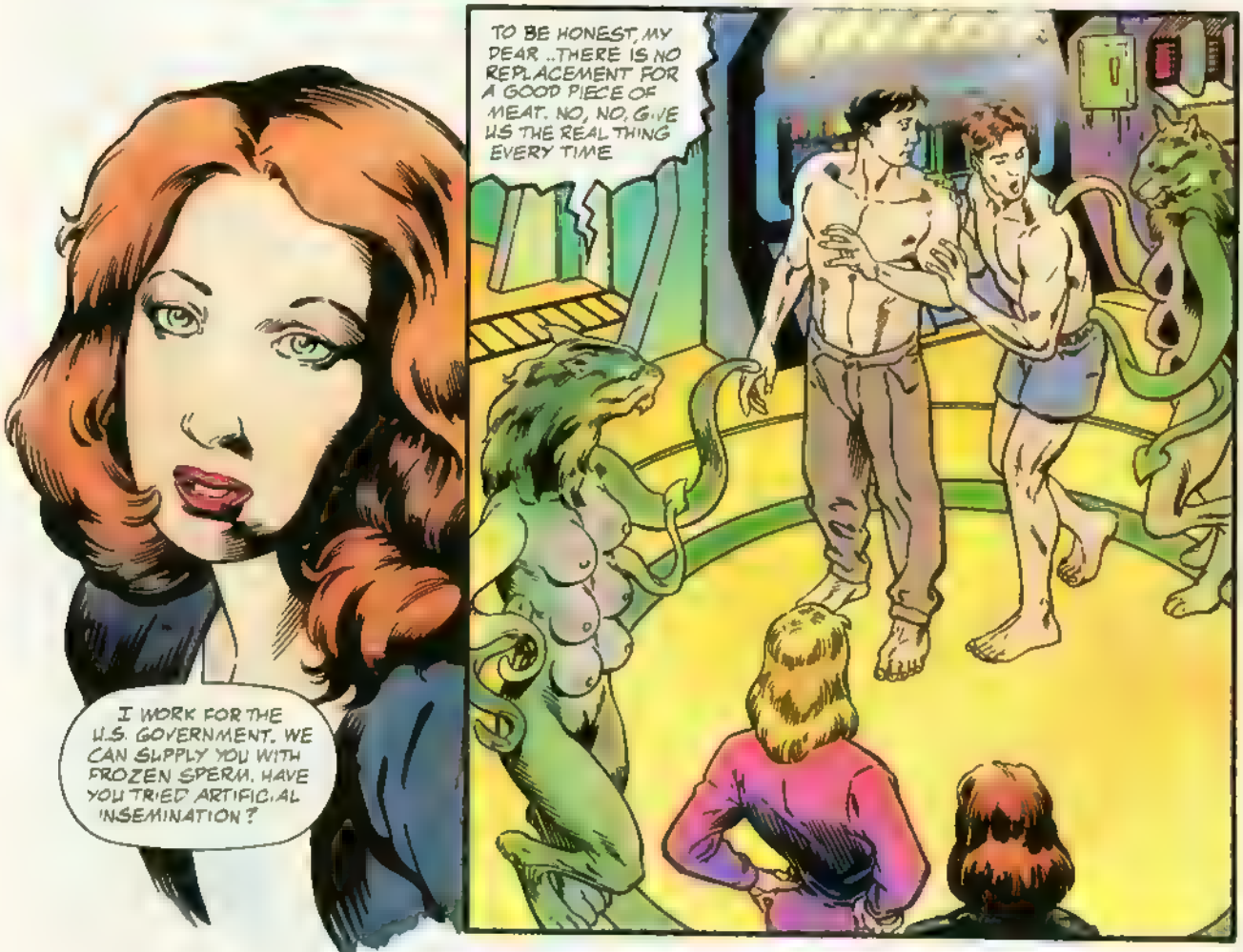

THE LUCKY ONES WERE STERILE
WE HAD TO LOOK SOMEWHERE ELSE FOR THE ANSWER

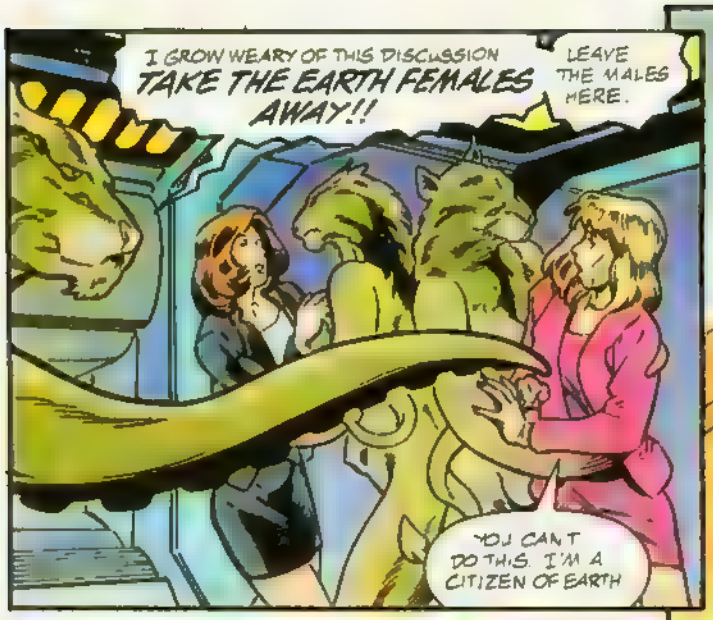
WE SEARCHED THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE GALAXY LOOKING FOR THAT ONE RACE WHOSE SPERM WOULD BE COMPATIBLE FOR US
THEN JUST WHEN WE HAD RESIGNED OURSELVES TO OBLIVION


SALVATION.
THE INFORMATION YOU PROVIDED VIA YOUR VOYAGER SATELLITE GAVE US HOPE AGAIN

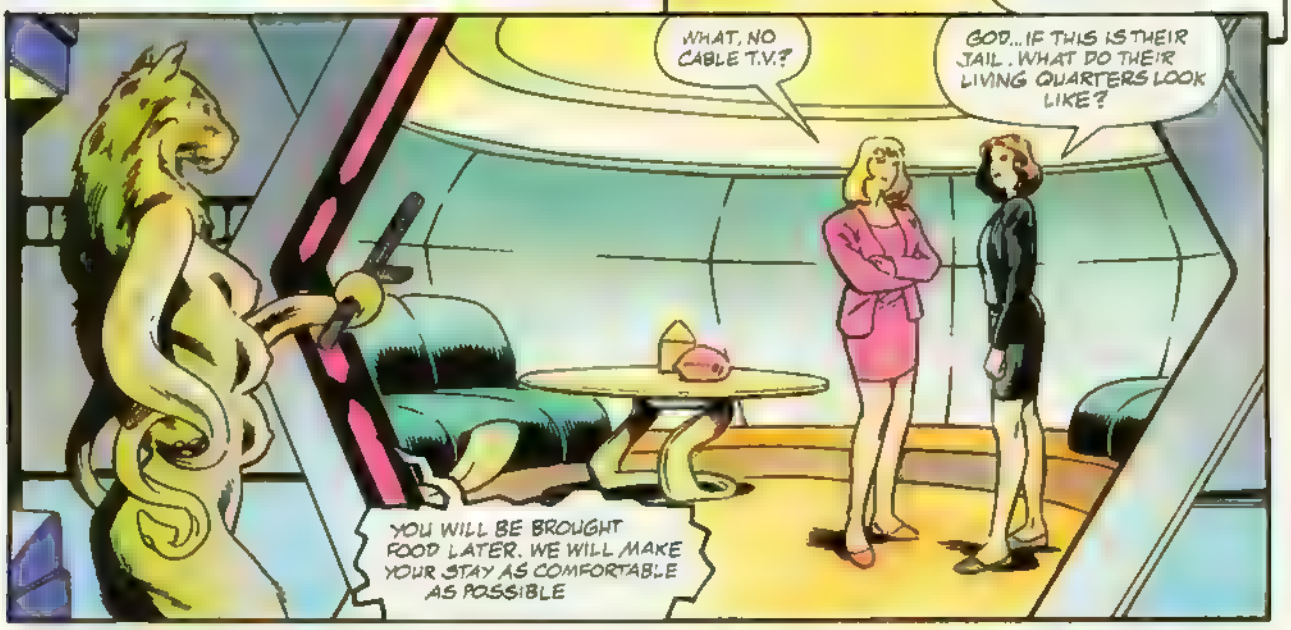
SO, HERE YOU ARE. JUST KIDNAPPING PEOPLE AGAINST THEIR WISHES. FORCING MEN TO HAVE...SEX WITH YOU
YOU WOULD HAVE HAD US JUST ASK?

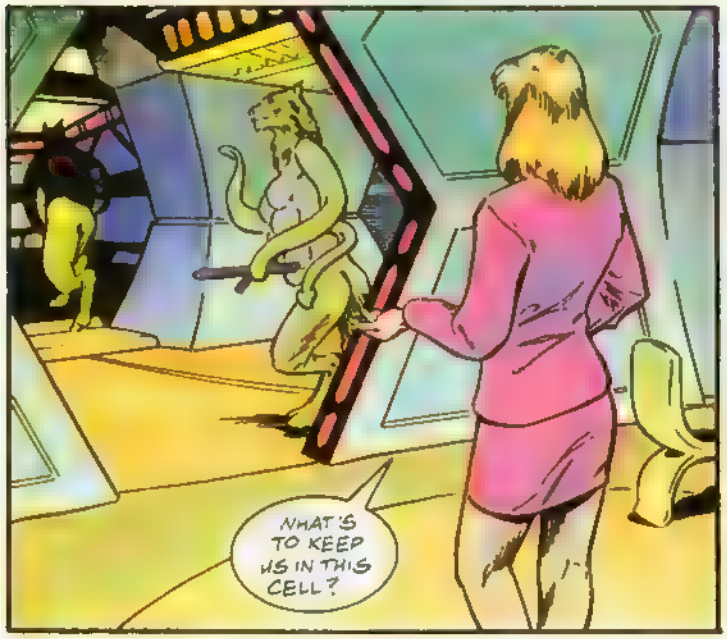
YOU DON'T GO ABOUT IT LIKE THIS! YOU HAVE TO STOP
I'M SORRY BUT OUR RACE IS DOOMED IF WE DO AS IT IS, THE ZELOK NIGH AS A RACE WILL SOON BE GONE REPLACED BY A NEW HALF HUMAN ONE

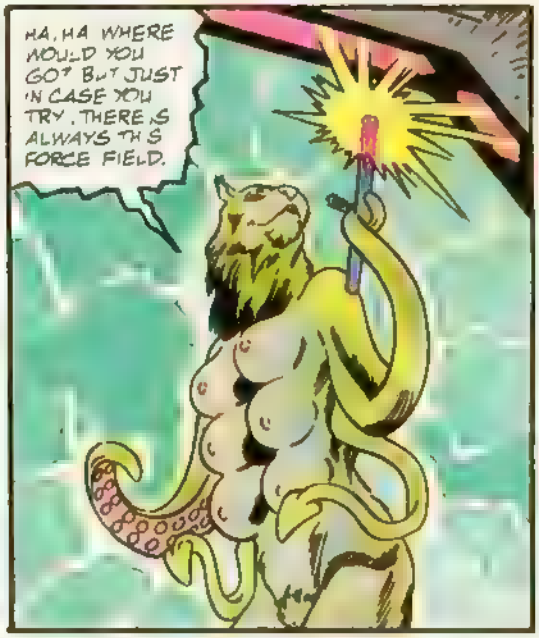

TO BE HONEST, MY DEAR ..THERE IS NO REPLACEMENT FOR A GOOD PIECE OF MEAT. NO, NO, GIVE US THE REAL THING EVERY TIME
I WORK FOR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT. WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH FROZEN SPERM. HAVE YOU TRIED ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION?

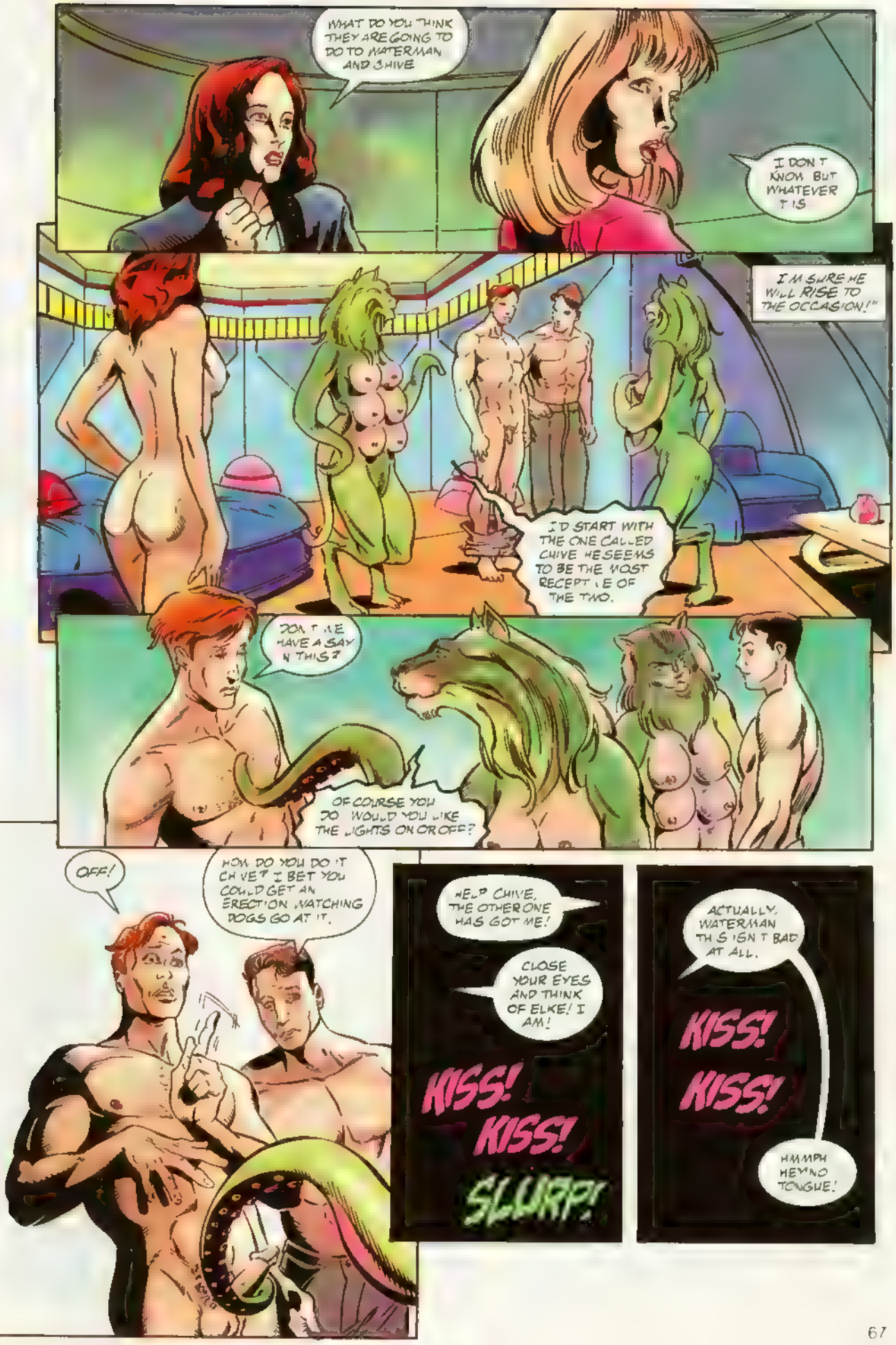

I GROW WEARY OF THIS DISCUSSION
TAKE THE EARTH FEMALES AWAY!!
LEAVE THE MALES HERE.
YOU CAN'T DO THIS. I'M A CITIZEN OF EARTH

SOOO, WHAT IS IT LIKE MAT NG WITH THESE?
SURPRISINGLY PLEASANT, CAPTAIN THEY EVEN GET TO LOOK PRETTY AFTER A WHILE.

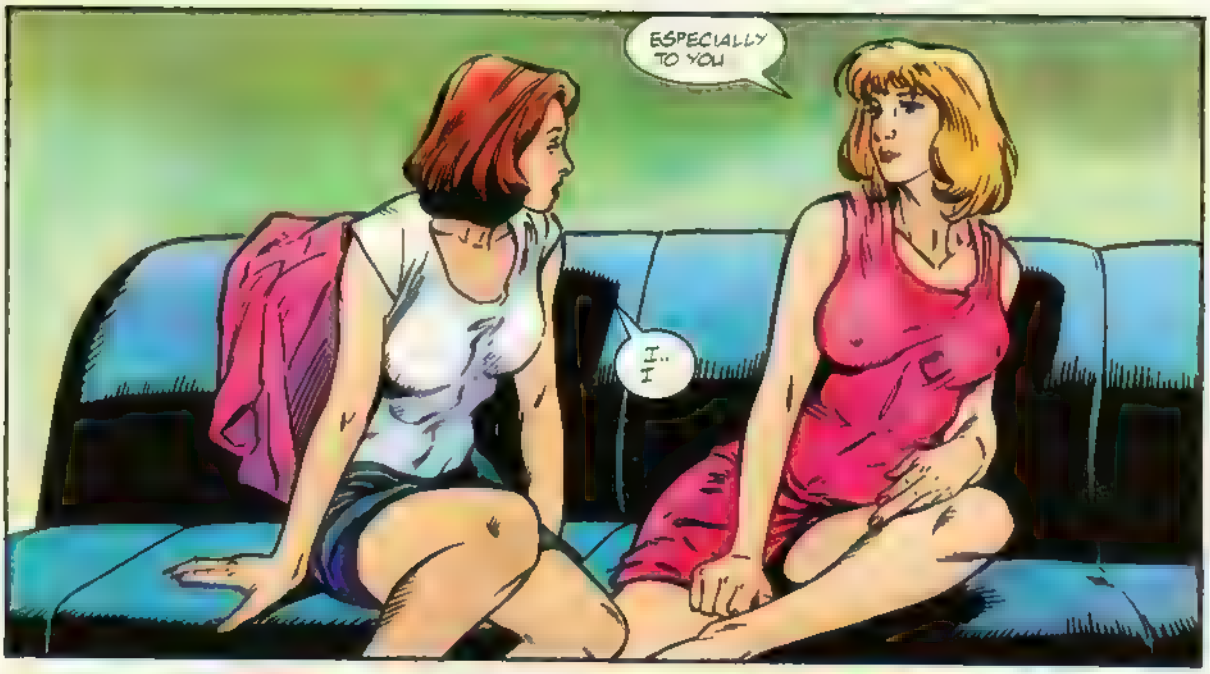

WHAT, NO CABLE T.V.?
GOD...IF THIS IS THEIR JAIL, WHAT DO THEIR LIVING QUARTERS LOOK LIKE?
YOU WILL BE BROUGHT FOOD LATER. WE WILL MAKE YOUR STAY AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE

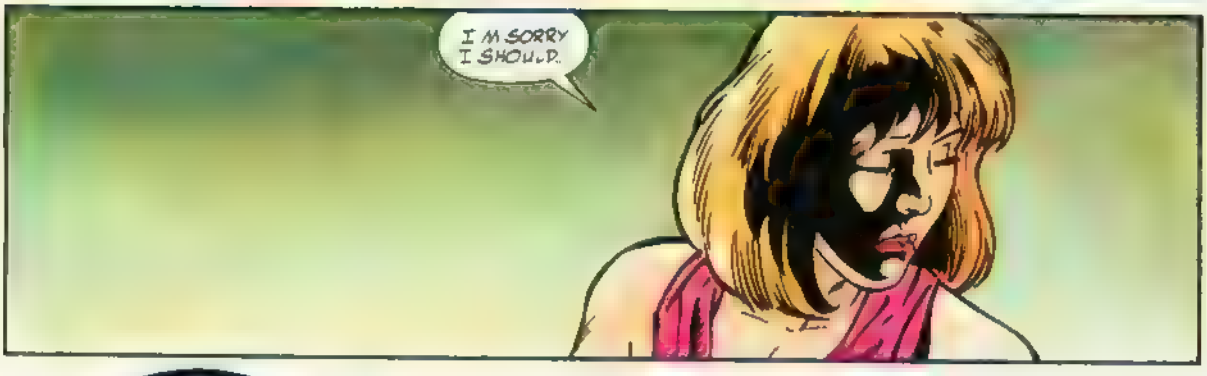

WHAT'S TO KEEP US IN THIS CELL?

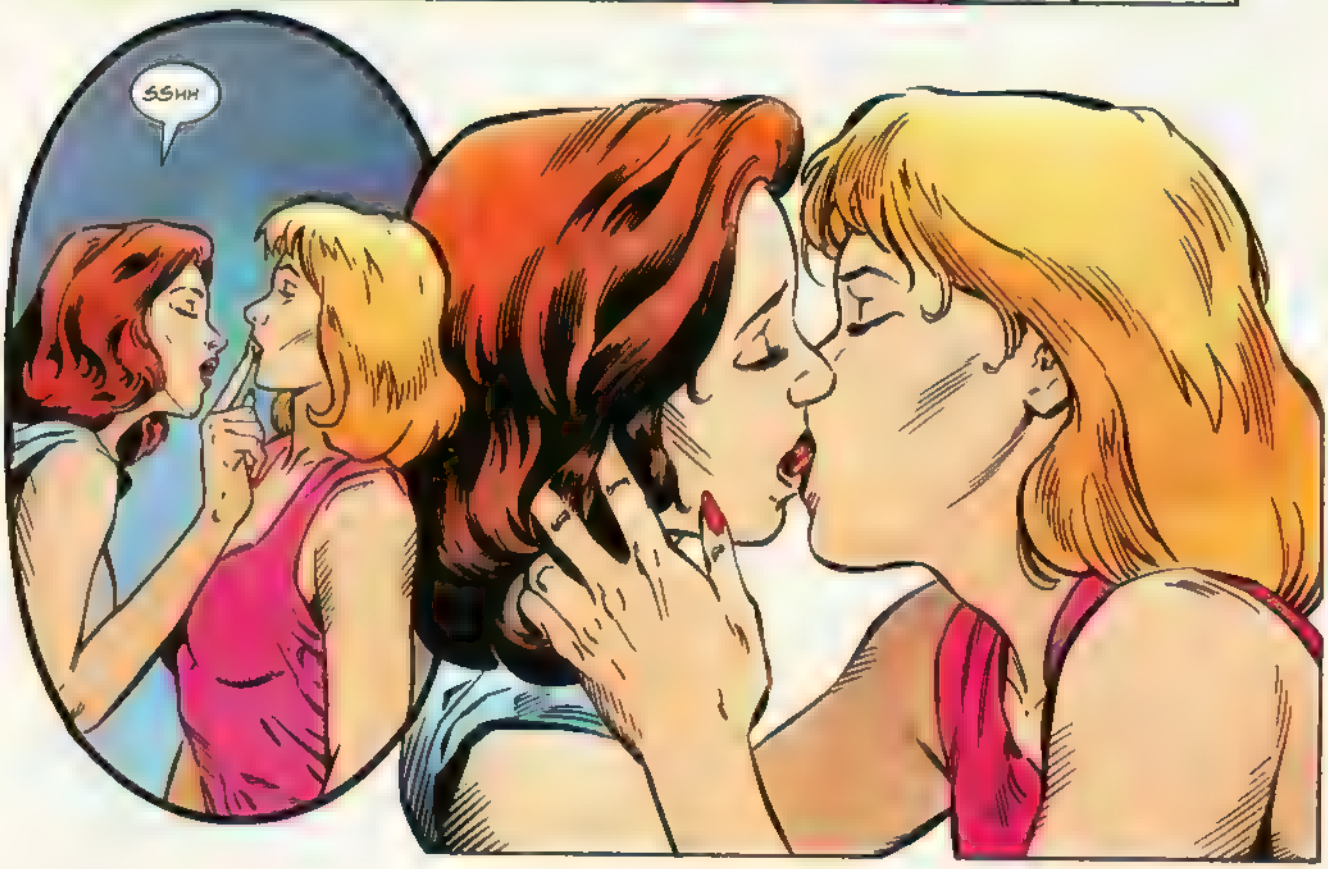

HA, HA WHERE WOULD YOU GO? BUT JUST IN CASE YOU TRY, THERE'S ALWAYS THIS FORCE FIELD.

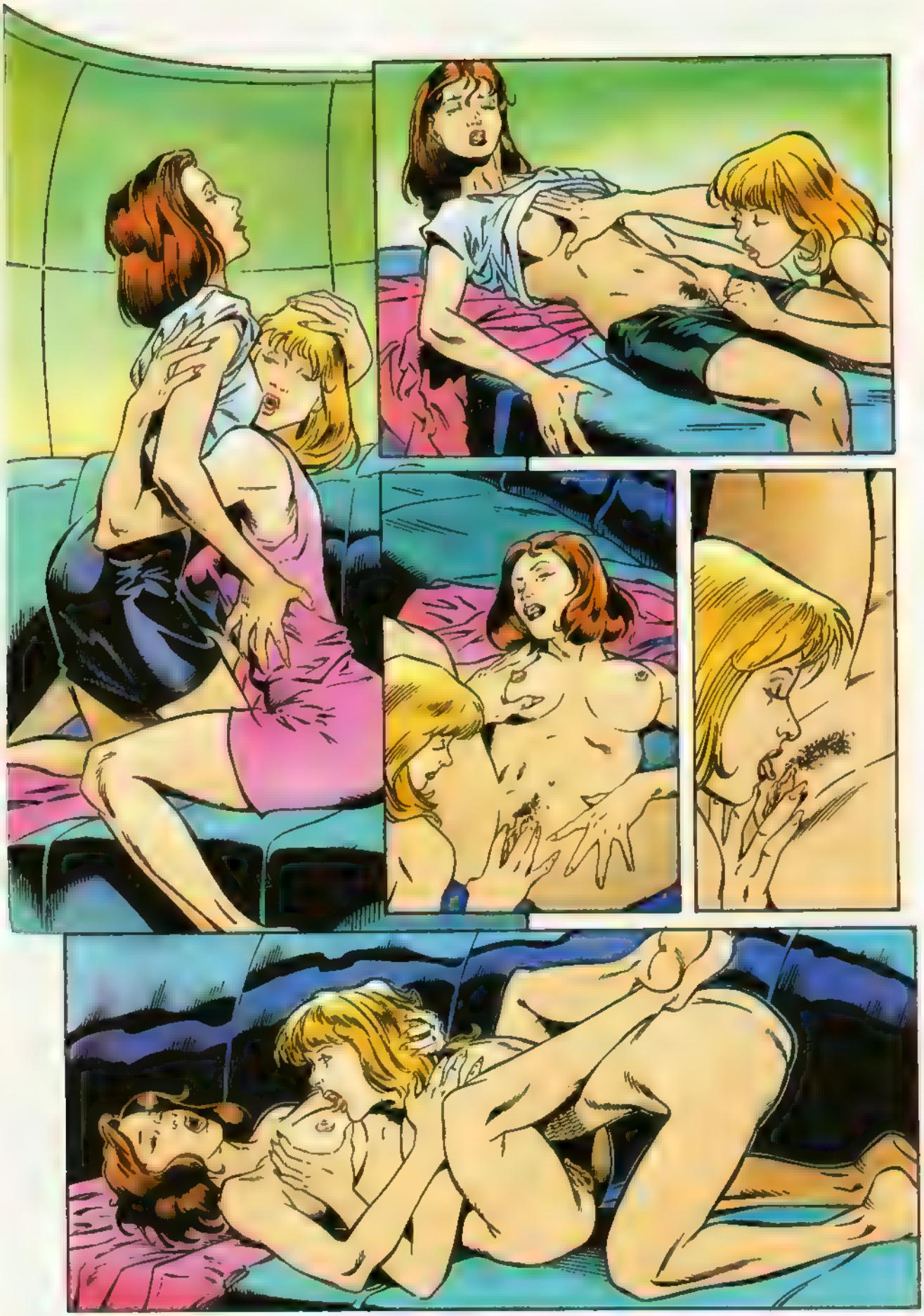

WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY ARE GOING TO DO TO WATERMAN AND CHIVE
I DON'T KNOW BUT WHATEVER IT IS
I'M SURE HE WILL RISE TO THE OCCASION!"
I'D START WITH THE ONE CALLED CHIVE HE SEEMS TO BE THE MOST RECEPTIVE OF THE TWO.
DON'T WE HAVE A SAY IN THIS?
OF COURSE YOU DO WOULD YOU LIKE THE LIGHTS ON OR OFF?
OFF!
HOW DO YOU DO IT CHIVE? I BET YOU COULD GET AN ERECTION WATCHING DOGS GO AT IT.
HELP CHIVE, THE OTHER ONE HAS GOT ME!
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND THINK OF ELKE! I AM!
KISS! KISS! SLURP!
ACTUALLY, WATERMAN THIS ISN'T BAD AT ALL.
KISS! KISS!
HMMPH HEY NO TONGUE!

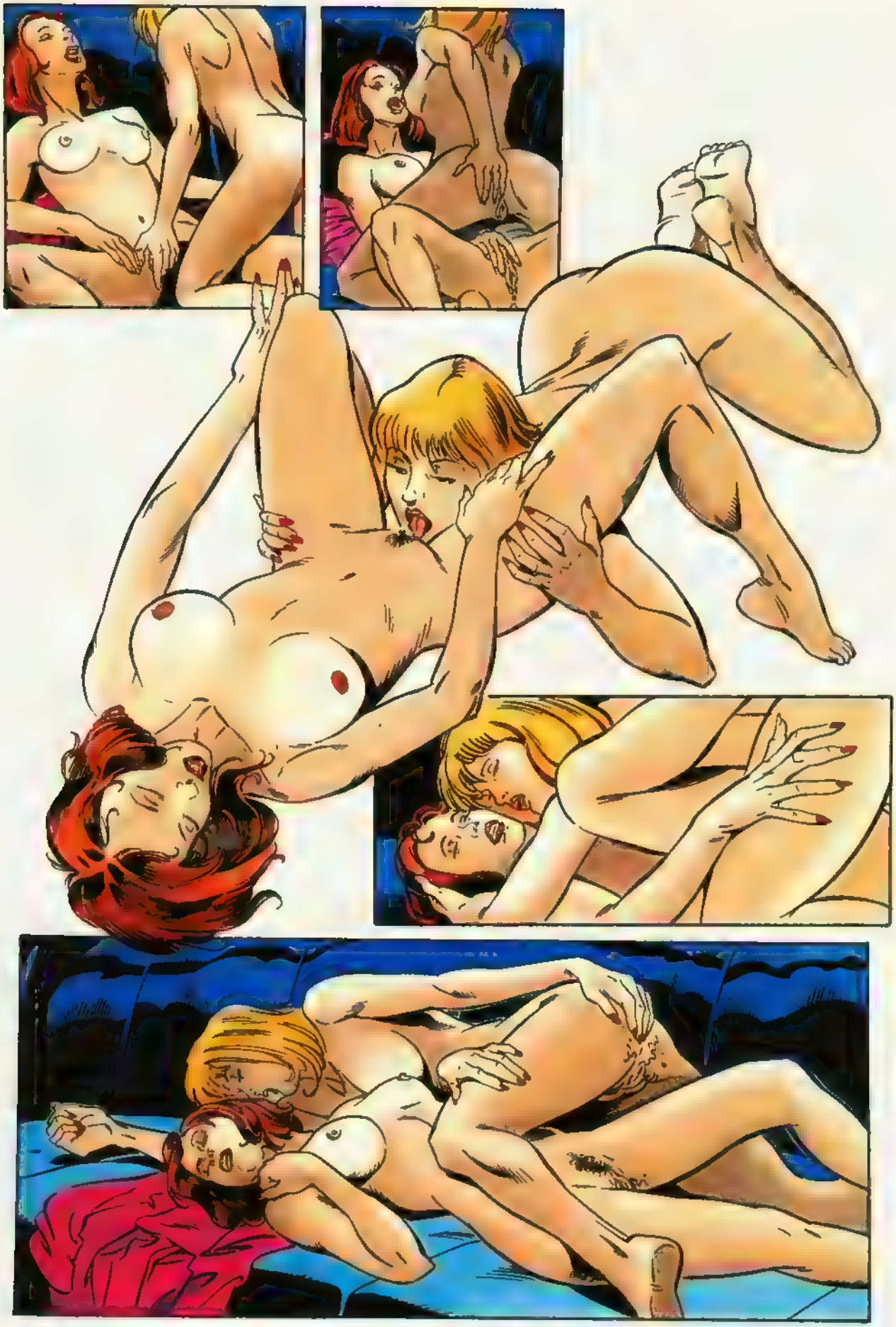
THAT WASN'T BAD I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE TOLD WHAT IT WAS
IF WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT WHAT THEY DID TO THEIR MEN WAS TRUE.. I WOULDN'T RULE SWEET-MEATS OFF THE MENU.
UGGH! SOMETIMES I THINK YOU AND CHIVE ARE A BETTER MATCH THAN YOU CARE TO ADMIT
YOU'RE NOT FAR WRONG, I GUESS
REBECCA... I DIDN'T MEAN IT OH, GOD. I'M SORRY. REALLY SORR..
NO--DON'T APOLOGIZE YOU'RE RIGHT, OR RATHER, WERE RIGHT. SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I'M LOST FOR WORDS.
T S OKAY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME
BUT I DO.


ESPECIALLY TO YOU
I..
I


I M SORRY I SHOULD..

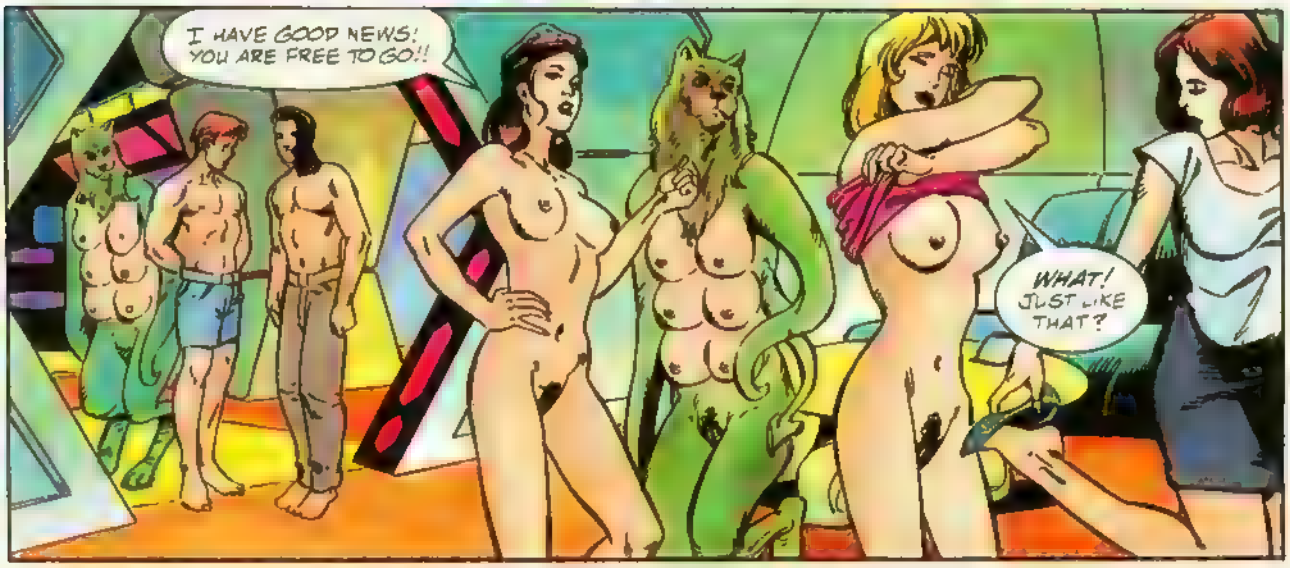

SSHH

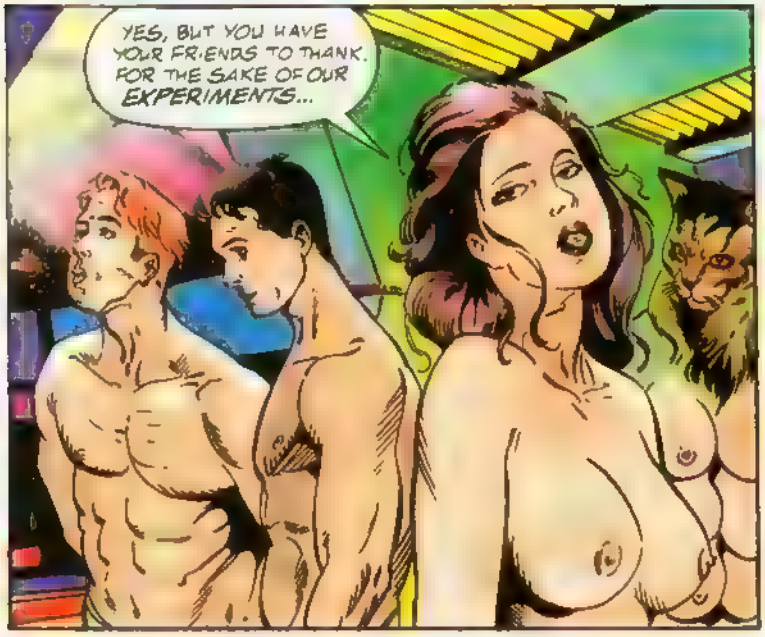




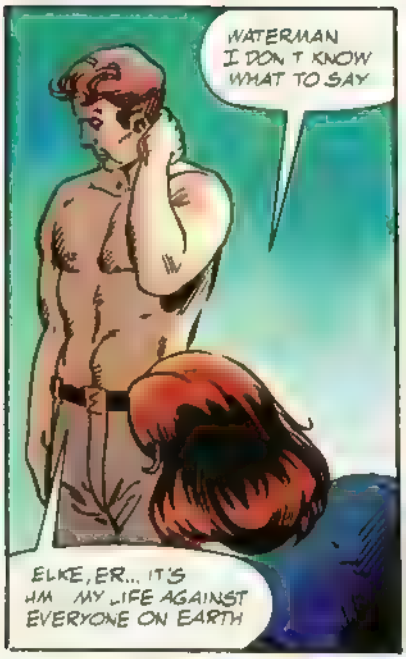
WAKE UP!!!

WHAT?
SO THIS IS WHAT BOOT CAMP IS LIKE

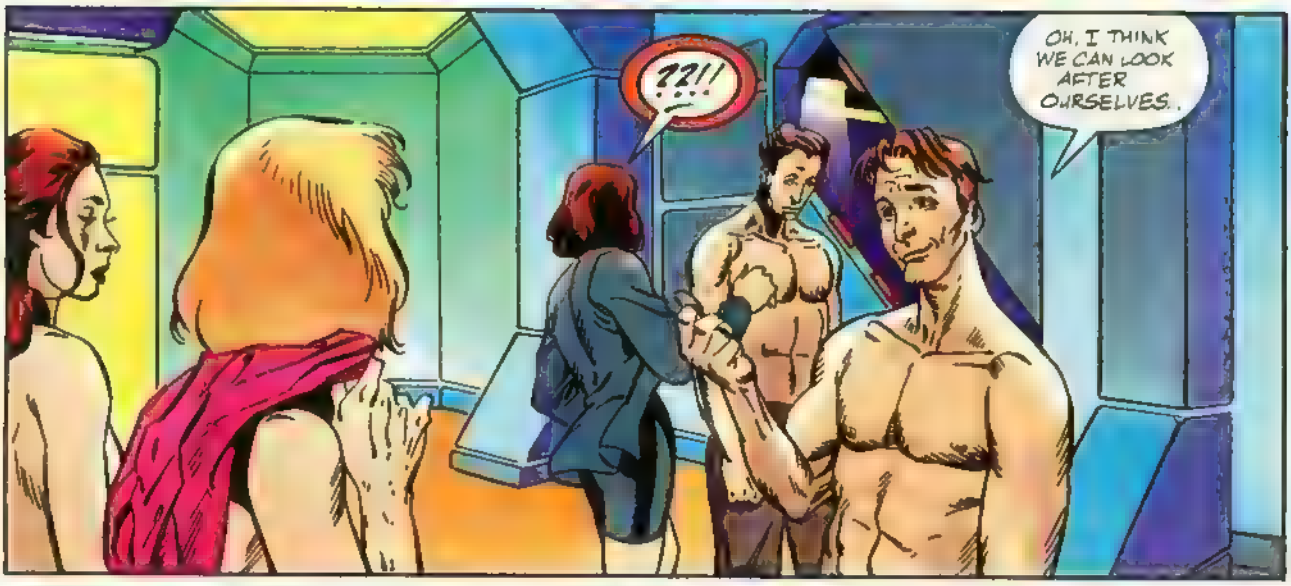

I HAVE GOOD NEWS! YOU ARE FREE TO GO!!
WHAT! JUST LIKE THAT?

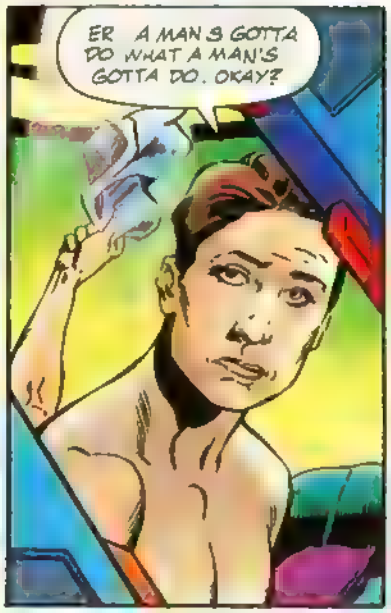

YES, BUT YOU HAVE YOUR FRIENDS TO THANK. FOR THE SAKE OF OUR EXPERIMENTS...

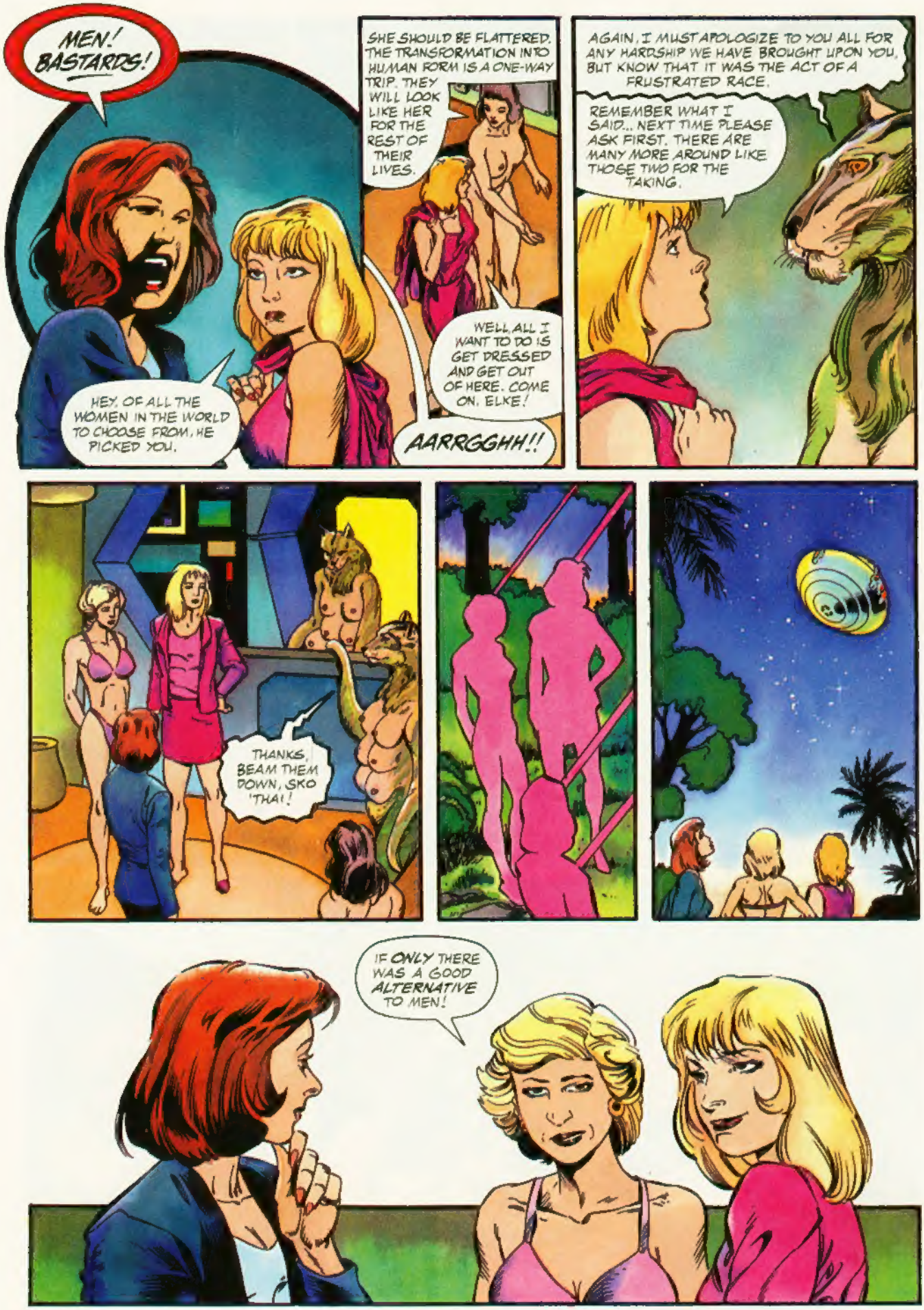
...THEY ARE GOING TO STAY WITH US!


WATERMAN I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY
ELKE, ER... IT'S HM MY LIFE AGAINST EVERYONE ON EARTH

DON'T WORRY WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS SOMEHOW..
HUH?


??!!
OH, I THINK WE CAN LOOK AFTER OURSELVES..

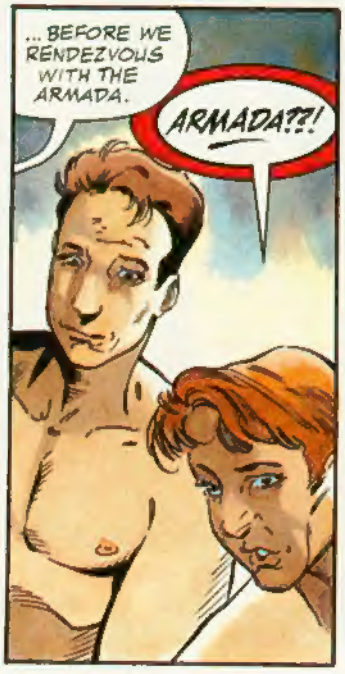

ER A MAN'S GOTTA DO WHAT A MAN'S GOTTA DO. OKAY?


MEN! BASTARDS!
HEY, OF ALL THE WOMEN IN THE WORLD TO CHOOSE FROM, HE PICKED YOU.
SHE SHOULD BE FLATTERED. THE TRANSFORMATION INTO HUMAN FORM IS A ONE-WAY TRIP. THEY WILL LOOK LIKE HER FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES.
WELL, ALL I WANT TO DO IS GET DRESSED AND GET OUT OF HERE. COME ON, ELKE!
AARRGGHH!!
AGAIN, I MUST APOLOGIZE TO YOU ALL FOR ANY HARDSHIP WE HAVE BROUGHT UPON YOU, BUT KNOW THAT IT WAS THE ACT OF A FRUSTRATED RACE.
REMEMBER WHAT I SAID... NEXT TIME PLEASE ASK FIRST. THERE ARE MANY MORE AROUND LIKE THOSE TWO FOR THE TAKING.
THANKS, BEAM THEM DOWN, SKO 'THA!
IF ONLY THERE WAS A GOOD ALTERNATIVE TO MEN!

FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT, YOUR MAJESTY. I THINK WE CAN INTEREST YOU IN SOMETHING...
OH, I SAY...

THIS IS GREAT! WHAT MORE COULD A GUY WANT?
HEY, I NEED A BREAK... CATCH SOME SLEEP.
SURE, PAL... BRING ME ANOTHER PFIEFFER!!!

YOU CAN'T SLEEP...
...NOT UNTIL WE ARE ALL IMPREGNATED...


... BEFORE WE RENDEZVOUS WITH THE ARMADA.
ARMADA??!

WE'RE JUST A SCOUT SHIP. YOU'LL HAVE TO IMPREGNATE ALL OF THEM, TOO.
H-HOW MANY OF YOU ARE THERE?

OH, ABOUT 3 AND A HALF MILLION!!
OH, NO!!!
THE END?!

LOVE HATE LETTERS

Please send comments to:
LOVE/HATE Letters, c/o PENTHOUSE COMIX
277 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10172-0478
phcomix@aol.com

Dear Love/Hate:
I have enjoyed your publication immensely and especially the quality of artists who have contributed to your magazine. Azpiri, Kevin Nowlan, and Adam Hughes are among my favorites. I have followed the careers of Mssrs. Nowlan and Hughes' for some time and have seen their work mature enormously. *Penthouse* indeed made fine decisions in obtaining these high-caliber artists. I wish to congratulate the art directors of *Penthouse* on a very successful endeavor.

I consider Mr. Hughes to be one of the few artists in the comic industry today that maintains the purity of the genre as an art form. I have seen some of his relatively recent work and continue to be astounded by his genius of design and illustration.

Ron Domingue
Lafayette, LA

Your praise is heady, indeed. Please send more. Mssrs. Azpiri, Nowlan, and Hughes thank you as well.

Dear Editors:
George must be smiling down on us because PHCX#10 was the best yet! From the exquisite photo on pg. 1 to Beth Steele & the pussycat on pg. 33 — and excellent production. Clearly it is going to be exciting to watch the evolution of both PHCX & MAC as they explore the last frontier: sexuality. Please push the envelope as boldness shall surely be rewarded.

I like Salem in the Team Supreme, she seems modeled on "Windy Witch," Rick Mays' killer work in PHCX#9. My wife really loved that one, too. I hope "Salem" continues in MAC.

Anne Rice has shown that Middle America loves sex and that NOTHING is taboo! Horror fiction has the hottest sex — it mixes the occult and darkest sexuality.

Name Withheld By Request

Dear Editors:
After buying my first issue of *Penthouse Comix*, I felt I had to send some compliments your way. All of your artists and writers are top-notch and the extra art in PH#9's "Damsels in Danger" section was terrific. It's great to see some of the illustrators I remember so well from the 60s and 70s, such as Ernie Colon and Gray Morrow, teaming up with newer talents.

My favorite feature of all is Bethlehem Steele by Azpiri. Over the last few years I have been eagerly collecting Azpiri's work in the pages of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Imagine my delight in discovering Beth by Azpiri! More! More! Is there any chance that all of the Bethlehem Steele stories might be reprinted in a collector's volume? You've got one copy sold already, guys. Hell, I'll buy several copies to give to my friends! Keep it up, guys! More! More!

Al Turner
Moberly, MO

Al, all us guys here are huge fans of those guys and a lot of others... if we only had several hundred pages per month to show off everybody we liked. Hmmm, maybe this is as good a place as any to put in a quick plug for our upcoming PENTHOUSE MAX project. We're really juiced about it — it will be an over-sized format, 80 slick pages of new, old, and unexpected directions — both in stories and art! Coming later this year.

—ERB

(CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE)

Hello, *Penthouse Comix* reader,
Yes, it's the same coupon from last issue; we're still interested in your opinions and *still* want to know what you thought about *this* issue.
What were your three favorite features (in order)?

What was the worst thing in the issue (we know it's hard but *try* to think of something you didn't like)?

What would you like to see more of?
Send your answers and anything else you feel like getting off your chest to:

PENTHOUSE ComiX
277 Park Ave.
4th Floor
New York, NY 10172-0478

Or E-mail us at *phcomix@aol.com*
We're waiting.